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NEGOTIATIONS with Germany over the sinking of the Lusitania and the submarine campaign are slowly but inexorably culminating. During the next two weeks President Wilson will have to make a final and a fateful decision. An outline of the German note which has been cabled to Washington is officially stated to be disappointing. The Germans are willing to abandon and to modify the submarine campaign, but only on conditions which the American government is either unable or unwilling to fulfill. What these conditions are we shall consider later; but they all seek to evade the primary demand made by President Wilson on the German government. The President has insisted in both of his notes that the submarine campaign in the war zone must be conducted subject to the law of visit and search. The submarines in their warfare against merchant vessels must pay the same attention to the safety of non-combatants and neutrals as would an ordinary cruiser. The Germans have rejected this demand. They ask the government of the United States either to persuade Great Britain to abandon its illegal blockade, or else to surrender by arrangement the rights which American citizens have hitherto enjoyed of traveling with comparative safety on inoffensive merchant vessels during war. It is authoritatively stated from Washington that the President will reject these terms. Indeed he must reject them unless he is willing to accept some other basis for his policy than that of international law. But the consequences are serious. He must either eat his own words and continue merely to protest with notes against what he has described as an immeasurable grievance, or he must express his dissatisfaction by breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany. The first alternative would be intolerably humiliating. The second would constitute a long step in the direction of war.

WHETHER or not President Wilson intends to break off diplomatic relations with Germany in case he fails to receive satisfaction for his demands we cannot yet know; but the consequences of such a measure of retaliation should be recognized. Not only would it result in the continuation of an unregulated submarine campaign, additional loss of life by American citizens, and a probably irresistible subsequent demand for war, but it would prevent the United States from negotiating with more than one of the major belligerents. The ability to negotiate with all of them may in the future be a matter of the utmost importance. This war will never be stopped unless at some particular juncture a certain number of men representing the several fighting nations can be brought together to discuss possible terms of peace. The United States is likely to be the most available agency for arranging such a conference. It may be the only Power which will be free to open informal negotiations for a conference. But if it breaks off diplomatic relations with Germany it will be unable to make any move, no matter how tentative and informal, in the direction of peace; it will be involved by the war even if it is not involved in the war; and its subsequent freedom of movement and international usefulness will be very much restricted. For these and

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other reasons we trust that some method will be found of avoiding a break with Germany. We cannot be bullied out of a clear right by an act of terrorism. We cannot consent to the slaughter of inoffensive Americans. But if this right is admitted and the slaughter ceases, minor differences can remain for the present negotiable.

IT is a little hard to see why editors should continue to scold Miss Jane Addams. If the chancelleries of Europe from Downing Street to the Vatican were willing to receive her, if the harassed statesmen of practically every warring country were willing to play with the idea of her mission, then surely the domestic breed of manliness and red-blood need not assert itself by deriding her. Had her trip been purely Quixotic it would still not have been markedly insane in this insane world. As a matter of fact Miss Addams did not go to "stop the war"—she went to find out what people and governments were thinking about the possibilities of peace, to recall to statesmen, if only a little bit, the fact that this slaughter must end some time. The utmost practical end for the moment is that she may have started in some official mind some disposition to think again in terms of human adjustment. Miss Addams was peculiarly the person to do this. She has stood to all the world for the intensive cultivation of human life. She herself is the very antithesis of those military ideas that dominate the world. There is a side of human nature pitiably starved by the war, and Jane Addams speaks for it with a strange purity. With no trace of pride in any of her opinions, she could not be humiliated because she had left herself so completely out of account. She wields a power, weak perhaps at this time but a power nevertheless, which silences the scoffer and disarms the pugnacious. The too-too manly man may even feel a bit silly in her presence.

IF Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne is wrong about prison management, the way to prove him wrong is to give his experiment a fair trial. The worst thing to do is to let him get half started and then jerk him back, yet this is what Mr. Osborne's political superiors and inferiors in imagination seem bent on doing. Mr. Osborne builds the edifice of prison discipline on the theory that comparative liberty is a privilege which prisoners will work to attain; that unless good behavior has some reward above bad behavior the incentive to it is destroyed. It is not a new idea in morals, it is only a new idea to the old-fashioned prison keeper. Now it seems that Superintendent Riley, by drafting good prisoners and bad prisoners indiscriminately and sending them to the more barbarous prisons of the state, has destroyed the stimulus to good behavior by injecting into prison life an element of capricious punishment. You cannot put men on their honor and then treat them dishonorably. Yet that is what Superintendent Riley is doing when he treats all the convicts as if they were alike. There is, moreover, a more sinister clash than the clash of views. If Mr. Osborne were not a Democrat and if Sing Sing weren't good picking for Republicans, he might be left to work out his experiment unmolested. And no political jealousy should be allowed to molest him. To most observers his work has been successful beyond expectation, and they have not hesitated to describe it as one of the most interesting and instructive human spectacles in the United States. Why should not Governor Whitman stand out and win the gratitude of the intelligent public by announcing that Mr. Osborne will be protected?

THE New York *Nation* has celebrated during the past week the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Its owners and editors have good reason to look back with satisfaction upon its record of achievement. It has accomplished a peculiarly honorable and distinguished work—the work of molding during a period of rapid and revolutionary change one influential element in American political and economic opinion. When the *Nation* was started, at the end of the Civil War, the American economic system under the stimulus of a high protective tariff, was being transformed from a system in which agriculture was dominant into one in which organized industry was of preponderant importance. At the same time the traditional political system was being profoundly modified by the increasing authority of the two partisan organizations, and by the closer alliance between business and politics. It was consequently a period in which vigorous and sustained criticism was necessary to make public opinion conscious of the meaning of these changes, their desirable and undesirable aspects, and their reaction upon the national traditions and ideals. Under the editorship of Mr. Edwin Lawrence Godkin the *Nation* undertook this necessary work of criticism. More than any other one publication the *Nation* did the thinking for the reformers of that generation. Its influence was based not merely on the sheer intellectual ability of Mr. Godkin, but on the brilliance, energy and incisiveness of his journalistic polemics. The Mugwump of the 'eighties and the 'nineties was to a large extent his creation. No disagreement with the political and economic creed of the early American reformers should betray the progressive of today from undervaluing the work accomplished by the *Nation* and Mr. Godkin. Progress is a self-governing democracy and depends more than any-

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thing else upon the ability of public opinion to assimilate without fear or favor the results of its economic and political experience. At a time when American public opinion was possessed by catchwords and dominated by special political and business interests, the *Nation* made a fine and successful fight for intellectual candor and independence, and for the subordination of private to public interests.

WOODROW WILSON, citizen of New Jersey, will vote next fall on the enfranchisement of his women fellow-citizens. Heretofore the question has been presented to him as a subject for national amendment, and as leader of the party that upholds state rights he has invariably declined to consider it. Now, however, the terms do not introduce this rather thorny prior principle. Like the rest of American manhood, he faces the issue in its plain and unqualified form. Without prejudice to his position on state rights he is able now, as citizen of New Jersey, to take his stand in this crucial campaign on the side where he candidly belongs. That this is the side of woman suffrage is commonly believed, but it is a belief to which he can reasonably be expected to give a free and strong substantiation. That he favors the enfranchisement of women is a matter of moment not only in New Jersey but throughout the Union. It is a matter on which the women who are seeking the franchise in New Jersey should take the greatest pains to elicit his opinion and, if possible, to secure his support.

THE *Staatszeitung* offers a new proof of our subserviency to England. We were forced by "Cecil Rice, Viceroy of these United States," to permit an English girl under eighteen, unaccompanied, to land without undergoing inspection at Ellis Island. What aggravates the case, in the view of the *Staatszeitung,* is that the "immigrant" was the daughter of an English peer. It is an interesting speculation what we should have done with the daughter of a German Freiherr sponsored by Count von Bernstorff.

BY the death of Alfred Stead, who at the age of thirty-eight has fallen by an assassin's hand in Bucarest, Rumania loses her best foreigner friend. Whilst Tache Ionescu, Stourdza and King Carol were laboring on the internal development of their country against the host of reactionary ex-princes and others typified by Cantacuzene and the ex-Premier Carp, Alfred Stead, in his term of office as Rumanian Consul-General in London, drew the attention of western Europe to the Balkans and particularly to Rumania. But for him, Tache Ionescu and Bratianu, the country might well have been dragged into this war at the heels of Austria. The younger son of the great old pamphleteer who perished on the Titanic, Alfred Stead had been afforded much travel in youth and had acquired a wide outlook that his father, hampered by an early parochialism, never attained. Believing that if the Balkan countries were educated to a sense of their own importance there would be some chance of a general European peace, knowing that without such education southeastern Europe was the danger-spot, he gave his last ten years entirely to Rumanian and Serbian social and political development. He was not so much a good journalist as an acute observer and unofficial diplomat. His comment on the outbreak of the war was that there were only three men in England who understood the Balkans, of whom none were in the British Foreign Office, and that another year's peace would have meant fifty years' peace.

BY the use of scientific jargon some men seek to give a look of authority to thoroughly vulgar prejudice. The latest exponent of this device is Dr. Simon Baruch of New York. Writing of woman's sphere in a rambling letter to the *Times,* he deals in such unscientific fantasies as "the silent commands of nature" and "the irrevocable law of nature," and on assumptions like these he builds up a case against women in the medical profession. Public hygiene and nursing are supposed to come within the biological scope of women, but for the rest women are "biologically incapable" of coping with the obstacles that are only to be overcome by "originality, logic, initiative, courage and other distinctively masculine qualities." This, of course, is not the language of the scientist. Only a scientist off duty would gossip about courage as "distinctively masculine"—and a scientist who had the prejudices of the junker. As for the references to biology, they recall the doctor in Boston who maintains that women are "biologically incapable" of casting a ballot.

ONE of the curious delusions of the layman is that the ejection from academic position of an occasional radical makes for safety and sanity in university instruction. Left to the mercy of his own doubt, the academic radical languishes. Martyr him and you endow his radicalism with a validity with which it could never have been endowed by pure reason. Hence every invasion of academic liberty brings joy along with rage into the radical camp. Threaten my bread and butter, if you will, so long as you bring me faith by which I may live. Further, you give me prestige—with my students, with the public. I am standing for the truth, at my own risk and cost. As for the conservative teacher, of course he must believe what he teaches, but how

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convenient it is for him that he believes as he does! Everyone knows that profit and virtue are not necessarily incompatible, but their close association can be made to appear ambiguous if there is a clever socialist at hand to press the point. It is the conservative professor who pays, in the long run, for the stupidities of conservative trustees.

NOT often can a lobbyist be heard purring with satisfaction, but this sound reaches us from the office of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. During the recent session in Illinois the Association was quite busy "securing the defeat of legislation unfriendly to business." It was anxious about a number of bills, especially those regulating the hours of woman's labor and the employment of children. But profit is the reward of eternal vigilance. "The results to date," says a circular to the members, "have never before been so gratifying." The nine-hour bill for women was defeated. The child labor bill was defeated. "The members of the General Assembly have taken cognizance of the business situation. They have arisen to the occasion. They are to be commended." To have a rose pinned on his bosom by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association must be a deep pleasure to the cognizant assemblyman. Having killed the bills that would have alleviated the lot of women and children, it must comfort him to learn from headquarters that the results have never before been so gratifying, that he has proved himself worthy to be commended, a legislator "friendly to business."

WHATEVER may be claimed for the engineering aspects of our federal reclamation ventures, some of their economic features have been such as not to excite enthusiasm. It has been difficult to settle on the reclaimed land the right kind of farmer. The size of holdings prescribed in the law is attractive only to the man of small means; and the payments required by the government, as well as the heavy cost of preparing the land for cultivation, have proven extremely discouraging to the small farmers. But now, it is reported, the federal authorities are to address themselves seriously to encouraging the settlement of reclaimed land by the use of credit. A Committee of the Department of the Interior and of Labor is to investigate the possibility of colonizing the unemployed upon the irrigated lands. As a solution of unemployment the project requires slight consideration; rural colonization of the urban unemployed always has been and probably will continue to be a failure. But as a contribution to the reform of our rural credit system much more may be expected from it. It is not merely on reclaimed lands that farmers are trying to wrest a living from a soil that demands more capital than the present inadequate machinery of credit affords.

Why America Exports Arms

THE attempted assassination of Mr. J. P. Morgan was the act of a crack-brained fanatic, but like many similar acts, it is the surface expression of a dangerous agitation in the deeper waters of American public opinion. It puts a difficult and a critical question to the American government—the question whether we shall for all practical purposes take part in the war by allowing the exportation of arms and munitions of war to the Allies. The question has, of course, already been answered in the affirmative; but it will have to be answered again after an angry and prolonged public discussion, and with a deeper sense of the full meaning and consequences of the decision.

During the next few months public attention will be fastened to an increasing extent upon this question. The German sympathizers are beginning an active, systematic and unscrupulous campaign against the existing policy of the government. They are using every effort and spending a great deal of money in the attempt to persuade American public opinion that the sale of arms and munitions of war is essentially wrong and should not be permitted. A resolution will be introduced into Congress, placing an embargo on the traffic in war supplies. It will be discussed at length and forced to a vote. How much support it will receive is at present only a matter of conjecture; but it certainly will receive very much more support than seemed possible a few months ago. The number of its advocates will depend upon the extent to which an embargo can be made to appeal to American pacifist sentiment and to American love of fair play. Americans will be asked to forbid the export of war supplies in the interest of an early peace and of complete national irresponsibility for the shedding of blood and the outcome of the war. Many American citizens, particularly in the agricultural parts of the Middle West and the Mississippi valley, will be influenced by these arguments; and if any corresponding sentiment can be created in the South, which is already aggrieved because Great Britain is forbidding the sale of non-contraband cotton to Germany, an embargo resolution will receive a formidable affirmative vote.

In the end, however, the question will be decided, as it should be, by an inclination on the part of American public opinion to favor one or the other of the belligerents. Both the official advocates and the official opponents of an embargo profess to be actuated by a righteous preference for strict neutral-

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ity, but in both cases the neutral policy is one which will help either of the belligerents to win. No legal or moral equivocation can affect the fact that the war supplies furnished by the United States to the Allies may in the end make the difference to them between victory and defeat. In the face of such a fact the stock argument about the neutrality or the unneutrality of an embargo seems wholly unreal. The unavoidable question is whether we will act so as to help the Allies to win or to prevent the Germans from winning.

The opponents of the embargo have placed their emphasis upon the scrupulously legal and wholly indiscriminate nature of the traffic in war supplies. The United States is willing to sell its commercial products to anybody—to Germany no less than to England or France. As a matter of fact the Allies get the arms and the munitions, and the Germans do not, but that is not our fault. If the Germans wanted to buy supplies from us during war they should have planned to control the sea. Our only interest is the commercial one of selling our products in any legal way and to any extent permitted by belligerent military and naval activity. All this is true; but unfortunately the contrary statements are equally true. If it is neutral to sell military supplies to both belligerents when only one can secure the delivery of its purchases, it would be equally neutral to refuse to sell to either belligerent. An embargo against the export of arms and munitions to any foreign nation would not be an unneutral act, because it would apply to all nations alike, and it would have the additional advantage, from a negative passivist point of view, of enabling the United States to wash its hands of all responsibility both for the carnage in Europe and for the results of that carnage.

The real objection to the proposed embargo is not that it would be legally unneutral, but that it would be morally and politically reprehensible. By forbidding the export of arms and munitions the United States would be aiding and abetting the Germans in bringing to a successful conclusion a deliberate conspiracy against the peace of the world. If any additional evidence were needed that the Germans are the aggressive party and planned to accomplish political purposes by means of war, it is furnished by the completeness of their preparations. They were prepared not to resist but to conquer. After having obtained the benefit of their preparations in the military occupations of Belgium, northern France and a large part of Poland, they now wish the United States to help them in penalizing Great Britain for its unpreparedness. They wish us to change the rules under which all the belligerents expected the war would be fought, for the purpose of enabling them to get away with the fruits of their preparedness. The agitation in favor of such a change in rules can be made in the name of peace, because a marauder cannot, as it now seems, be deprived of his booty without war. If the United States is ever made the abettor of this conspiracy, every intelligent friend of peace and every lover of fair play in the country will hang his head in shame and humiliation.

The government of the United States must continue its profession of technical neutrality, but American public opinion should not deceive itself with the pretence. There are two ways of being technically neutral. One is to sell war supplies to all belligerents. The other is to sell war supplies to none of them. We should prefer the former, and should assume full responsibility for the consequences of the preference, because in this way we can most effectually protest against German preparedness for conquest by war. Germany should be made to understand that the loss of American cooperation is one of the penalties which she must pay for the violation of Belgium. If she had not attacked France through Belgium the demand for an embargo on the exportation of war supplies would, we believe, be irresistible. The government of the United States did not formally protest at the time of the violation, but its citizens protested and have been protesting ever since. International law gives us an opportunity of making that protest effective without going to war ourselves with Germany. We should take advantage of it as a matter of deliberate national policy, because as a pacific democracy we want to bring into existence a world in which inoffensive pacific nations are free from unprovoked attack. And in every unofficial way Germans should be made to understand why American public opinion preferred to give its neutrality an Anglican rather than a Teutonic complexion.

The Delusion of the Crank

IT is not without a shock of surprise that we think of America as one of the favorite stamping-grounds of assassins. And yet even a partial review of the murderous attacks directed against men in public life shows us to be the unenviable rivals of countries where assassination has usually been considered peculiarly at home. Even if we ignore the murder of Lincoln and Garfield as sporadic occurrences we have, beginning with the assassination of McKinley, a rapid succession of assaults. The attempts on Mayor Gaynor, ex-President Roosevelt and Mayor Mitchel came at alarmingly short intervals, and the assaults upon Mr. Frick, Governor Goebel, Mr. Francis Heney and finally Mr. Morgan, have almost inured us to assassination extras. This list does not include the numerous frustrated

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attempts where the assassin betrayed himself or the bomb failed to explode. It is a record that cannot be equalled in England, Germany or France, while even Russia lags behind. Mexico alone disputes our title.

The incitement to these assaults has in most cases differed from the motive usually assigned to European assassins. With the exception of the Haymarket riots, the attack upon Mr. Frick is perhaps the only instance where a revolutionary propaganda of violence, such as we find in the political murders in Russia, was found to animate the assassin. The assault upon Mr. Heney is a remnant of the palmy days of the West when life was held so cheap that a gun-toting community could look upon the removal of an inconvenient opponent as a more or less personal affair if done with the proper etiquette. In practically all the other cases it could easily be proved that the assassin was an insane person whose act was due to a purely personal delusion. We cannot help wondering why it is that the insane so frequently single out men of prominence in private life, and what the conditions are that call forth their epidemic activity. For it must be remembered that for every assault actually committed hundreds are threatened, so that the mail of our public men is rarely free from letters prophesying their destruction.

The literal meaning of the word assassin is of itself significant. An assassin is one who is drunk with hashish. The original assassins were a secret society of Persians who committed many murders, supposedly under the influence of hashish. Thus we see that in the popular opinion an assassin is a murderer who is already somewhat mad. Not all the insane incline to murder. But there are roughly two types of the mentally deranged from whom assassins may be recruited; the vicious feeble-minded and paranoiacs. Most of the feeble-minded lack the intellectual powers to plan and execute difficult murders; they usually commit them under the dominance of stronger personalities and therefore swell the ranks of hired assassins. It is the paranoiac who to a large extent has made political murder his diabolical specialty.

He has come to do this for a number of reasons. A paranoiac very often suffers from two typical delusions. He feels that he is an object of insidious persecution so that his life is in constant danger. His other delusion is likely to be that he is a savior of humanity, and as a kind of fitting background for this rôle he usually adds a fantasy of a world-wide catastrophe in which everybody is destroyed by fire or flood or by an Armageddon. By means of a complicated psychic mechanism he usually fixes upon people of authority, like governors, presidents or kings, as individuals who are persecuting him or who must be removed as part of the cataclysm or in order to allow him to act the rôle of savior.

The shadow that the European war has cast over the whole world gives him an excellent background for his delusion and almost ideally fulfills most of the conditions of his distorted dream. The battles now being fought give us perhaps the most realistic picture of an Armageddon that the world has ever seen. It is part of the popular fallacy that the responsibility rests upon the heads of a few individuals. Upon this picture the mind of the paranoiac greedily feeds. He becomes an actor in the scene, and sees his imagination bodied forth in a world panorama. Human life is a reality that has become meaningless to him. A murderous assault upon the man who is supposedly responsible for the shipment of arms gives him the opportunity to act as a savior. He is living under circumstances which arouse not only the fully developed maniac, but which also bring to a head the latent dementia in the minds of those who are already on this road. At a time when even the sanest of us labor under an almost intolerable strain before problems that we hardly dare to face, it is small wonder that the mentally unbalanced are the first to give way. Insanity is a delicate index of national ill-health. It is one of the added penalties of a war in which nobody can be altogether sane.

The Temper of Wisconsin

LAWMAKING, like hunting, has its seasons, but it is the season's close that reveals the temper of the lawmaker, and through the temper of the lawmaker, willy nilly, the temper of his constituents. Although the present session of Wisconsin's legislature promises to be unduly long, it has already reached the revelatory stage, and the country may now get a glimpse of the state's outlook. Lately some of the sensitive among the shapers of Wisconsin's destiny have exhibited resentment against the interest which the rest of the country has taken in Wisconsin politics; they have revealed a touchiness concerning the internal legislative affairs of their sovereign state not unlike that of certain Georgians concerning the internal judiciary affairs of theirs.

The promulgators and makers of the changes in Wisconsin are, as a legislature, rather different from the usual run of such organizations. They are chiefly farmers and small business-men; lawyers are so few among them that there has been difficulty in composing an effective committee on judiciary. They have come into office by force of a

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widespread belief that there was something radically wrong with the state government, and a pledge to right that wrong. Both pledge and belief were honest. On the whole, bar the few scalawags, agents of predatory powers and persistent office-seekers, the lawmakers of Wisconsin have been for many years and are still of a higher status than is usual in legislatures. Graft, as that is known in other states, has not existed there; and by the same comparison the Wisconsin reactionary is a creature of much virtue. The legislature is reactionary but honest, well-intentioned but ignorant. Ignorance is, in fact, its chief and fundamental defect, and after ignorance, stubbornness and the fear of appearing inconsistent. The belief which is the heart of Wisconsin's reaction is based on one fact and many rumors: the fact—that taxes had risen; the rumors—that taxes had risen because of the multiplication of commissions, because of carelessness and extravagance in the administrations of the state government and the state university, because of the existence of an unholy alliance between the two.

These rumors originated among interested parties who made the rise in taxes a ground for their effort to inhibit state-action in such enterprises as insurance, or to reduce state-control in such properties as water-power and public lands. They sprang from the universal human need of a scapegoat, and got credence through a refusal or an inability of the state's and the university's critics to investigate the rumors and to speak truth instead of conjecture. "Economy" is always an excellent campaign slogan, and "extravagance" a very fine stick to beat the political dog with. The results of the investigation into the cost and effectiveness of the state's departments which the Board of Public Affairs did initiate were ignored; the investigation of the university was placed in the hands of an incompetent person, with the result that rumor grew, and the board had to throw the man over in disgust. In fine, whatever the causes and motives, the whole state chafed over "too much taxes" and insisted that high taxes meant bad government. Mr. Phillip, the Governor, voiced this condition so well and promised so plausibly to remedy it that he and his legislature were elected for the purpose.

Their promise now sticks in the throats of the administration. The platform on which they came in proposed economy through the further centralization of administrative responsibility, with the Governor as the potential center. A few months in office made it clear, however, that the program was more easily talked of than executed. Proposed combinations of commissions were found to be a relating of the irrelevant; extravagance proved in most cases to be mythical; in all, the state government of Wisconsin turned out to be the cheapest item in the state's budget. The administration needs, however, to save its face and keep its pledges. To confess that its diagnosis of the fiscal situation was wrong and to commit itself to an honest search after real causes, requires a moral courage rare in more spiritual circles than state legislatures. The administration has therefore vacillated concerning the forms of its bills, but has insisted upon the appearance of centralization. Its attack is directed upon two institutions in particular, the university and the tax-commission. It attacks the university because that is supposed to be the source of the pernicious ordinances that have raised taxes, because of a general misunderstanding and falsification of the character, aims and achievements of the university. It attacks the tax commission because that has succeeded in introducing a degree of uniformity and equitability into taxation unusual among the states of the nation, the Wisconsin tax system being, in the opinion of many experts, one of the best in the country if not the very best.

The attacks upon the university and the tax-commission are overt and part of a party-pledge. Behind these came a horde of others, not so explicit in intention nor so simply motivated—attacks upon the legislative reference bureau, the state's conservation laws, the civil service, the apprenticeship law, the insurance program. Anything like a tax-levying regulation or a measure receiving the eulogium of "progressive" was fired at with a bill. It looked at first as if the administration in order to lower taxes would smash the whole administrative and protective machinery of the state. But the legislature refused to destroy the reference bureau or to harm the civil service or the apprenticeship law. The knowledge that came with the responsibilities of legislation saved those, and it is not certain that the same knowledge, if the legislature were left to itself, would not save the university, the tax-commission and the conservation laws.

Apart, however, from the political dangers of admitting one's self to have been mistaken, there are interesting correlations between insurance companies, water-power interests and the party in power that are said to go back to ante-campaign days. In regard to these three matters the deliberations of the legislature are not without guidance. The strong feeling against them which still exists could not, unassisted, have survived the knowledge of the truth which has come before a legislature ready and willing to be guided by the truth. The feeling exhibits more than restiveness under taxation misunderstood. It exhibits ill-will, obscurantist tactics, an attitude spiteful and sinister. How much the discredited surveyor of the university has

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had to do with fostering that attitude, how much the "interests," how much the sense of resentment against comment from outside the state, cannot be said. But it is not expressive of the characteristic temper of Wisconsin, which, if it did not advance, would not go backward, but simply mark time. If reactionary measures are executed against the university or the conservation laws particularly, it will not be because the state desires it.

A Borrowed Editorial

FREQUENTLY it is said that English periodicals are written for the editors by the people who disagree with them. American editors are rarely in so happy a position. But a case has arisen where a letter to our contemporary *America* constitutes a complete editorial. In our opinion it has all the value of a good editorial. It is passionate, varied, controversial and self-answering. We reprint it with pleasure.

To the Editor of America:

In THE NEW REPUBLIC for June nineteenth is a comment on a short article I wrote for *America* (June twelfth) about the attempted repeal of section 1142 of the New York penal code, which makes it a misdemeanor to give information subversive of the end of marriage. THE NEW REPUBLIC calls itself in a subtitle a "Journal of Opinion." When we really know a thing we are certain; when we know in part we have an opinion. As it is impossible to be certain about many things, and a cocksure dogmatism is vulgarity, THE NEW REPUBLIC'S subtitle is commendably modest. When, however, a teacher of the public is a journal only of opinion in matters where certitude is possible and a duty in a responsible instructor, mere opinion is ignorance; and there are many degrees of ignorance.

I said the most helpless idiot is as far above a non-existent child as Saint Bridget is above a committee on birth control, and on this text THE NEW REPUBLIC asks questions:

1. "Must we say that all potential children should be born?" Potential is a distinguishable term, but in general we say that the more children we have in the world the better, even if the number runs over into the frontier of potentiality, or annoys the wheat statisticians.

2. THE NEW REPUBLIC asks again "Are we to take a firm stand against celibacy, which denies to so many children the right to be baptized?" That question is altogether irrelevant; it has no connection whatever with the matter at issue, which deals with married folk, and the nature of marriage, to the exclusion of celibacy and the nebular hypothesis. Given a married man and woman they must fulfil the obligation of marriage. Celibacy has no more to do with this than Mesopotamia has.

3. "Will Dr. O'Malley tell us which is the greater virtue, to bear children that they may be baptized, or to have no children for the glory of one's own soul?" I should not tell, because this question also is utterly irrelevant. Nevertheless, I assure him that if one is married it is a much greater virtue to bear children that may be baptized, than to have no children for the glory of one's own soul; and that for several reasons, the most important of which is that granted marital intercouse it is ordinarily impossible "to have no children for the glory of one's own soul." Saint Paul said celibacy for the glory of God is better than marriage, but that is yet another story altogether.

4. "How large a family, in fact, does Dr. O'Malley desire a woman to bear? May she stop after the fourteenth infant, or must she say to herself: 'There are still non-existent children, some of them helpless idiots perhaps. I will bear them that they may be baptized.'" No; I should not have her stop at the fourteenth—the limit is the menopause in normal cases, which might come after the twenty-eighth child, if you like. She must say to herself exactly what THE NEW REPUBLIC suggests.

A human monster, in the technical medical sense of this term, which is born alive as a mere part of a trunk, without head or limbs, is beyond all our understanding better than a non-existent being. *Esse est absolute melius quam non esse* is a rudimentary axiom of metaphysics, which is a very exact science when it has not been made in Germany or at Harvard on German models. Existence or reality is a perfection; non-existence is a defect of all reality. Sometimes non-existence may be deemed good *per accidens,* in as much as non-existence removes a certain evil, but that again is irrelevant. As Saint Thomas Aquinas said speaking of a leper's wife: *"Et quamvis generatur infirma proles tamen melius est ei sic esse quam penitus non esse."* [*Supplement to the Summa Theologica,* Q. 64, a. 1, ad 4.]

The difficulty in arguing with the writer in THE NEW REPUBLIC lies in the fact that he (or is it she?) is of the opinion that baptism and eternal life with God are thin consolation for big board bills and disturbance in the wheat pit, but I know that the sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the glory of the things to come. To attain harmony I should have to make the writer a Christian, or he would have to make a man of "opinion" of me, and the weather is too hot for that.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

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The Great Galician Drive

So far as it is possible to judge by present indications, Russian evacuation of Galicia will be well nigh complete by the time this article is printed, and the campaign in the Austrian territory will have come to an end. What is to be reviewed is a great, victorious and now completed operation. Henceforth the eastern campaign will be in Russian Poland, not Austrian Galicia, and must be studied as a whole from the Baltic to Pinsk marshes and even further to the south.

At the outset of the present review it is necessary to recall the situation in the closing days of April, when Germany began her tremendous campaign; the purposes of German strategy and the successive aims of Russian defense; the extent of the real as compared with the apparent profit to the Germans of their great undertaking.

In the closing days of April the Russian advance in Galicia had come to a standstill. From the Vistula to the Carpathians a Russian army stood on the defensive behind the Dunajec-Biala rivers. Its mission was to cover the flank and rear of the Russian forces, which were struggling to cross the Carpathians and had actually passed the crests at Dukla, but were on the Galician side further east. A third Russian force was across the Dniester and attempting to drive the Austrians across the Pruth into Bukovina. After weeks of furious fighting the situation had reached a deadlock, but the world was still expecting the eventual success of the Russians and the reappearance of Russian cavalry in the Hungarian Plain.

In this situation the immediate necessity of German strategy was to relieve the pressure along the Carpathians and thus remove the menace to Hungary. This was merely defensive. Since Italy was on the point of entering the war and Rumania was likely to follow her Latin sister, it was equally necessary to achieve a victory sufficient to produce a political effect in Rome and Bucharest; and since the Italian and Rumanian decisions would have a profound effect upon Greek and Bulgarian action, a shining German success was essential. Finally, all immediate, perhaps eventual, chance of a decision in the west had vanished; it was therefore in the east that Germany must seek a decision if she was to expect an eventual triumph in the great struggle.

Measured by what has happened up to July sixth it will be seen that Germany was wholly successful in relieving the pressure upon Austria and abolishing the menace to Hungary. On the other hand, Italy had gone too far before the Galician campaign took form to withdraw, and her entrance was not prevented by victories along the Dunajec and the San. But Rumania was patently checked, and it must always be remembered that in the immediate present Rumania constitutes a far greater peril to the Austro-German alliance than Italy. So far Greece and Bulgaria have not stirred, but the victory of Venizelos in the recent election seems to demonstrate that the Galician campaign failed in Athens as it did in Rome to produce the results hoped for in Berlin and Vienna.

Finally, so far as there is any evidence at hand now, Germany failed to get a decision or to achieve a position which gives promise of the immediate obtaining of a decision. She defeated the Russian armies even more thoroughly than she defeated the French and British in August of last year. She conquered twice as much territory as her drive to Paris temporarily gained. She won possession of oil wells and of fertile country of utmost value to her, but the Grand Duke's army, like Joffre's, slipped away from enveloping movements, kept a line in front of the advance, and above all prevented the opening of a breach in the main Russian battle line stretching from the Baltic to Rumania.

Consequently Germany must pursue her purposes in Poland, must persist in seeking a decision, this time within Russian territory and in the face of the permanent defenses of Russia from Ivangorod to Lusk and Dubno, or content herself with her great defensive achievements and direct her masses toward the west or the south. In any event she has failed to dispose of Russia as she failed to dispose of France, and to this extent she has failed in a campaign which has been otherwise a brilliantly successful affair.

It remains to discuss the manner in which Germany achieved her great victory. The answer is found in the frank admissions in Petrograd and in London that Germany's success was due to the concentration of an overwhelming amount of artillery, furnished with unlimited ammunition at the decisive point, and to her even more astounding ability to bring superior numbers into the same field. Both her artillery and her numbers represent the work of the winter. The masses of troops came from the training camps where, since the battles of Flanders, which exhausted earlier levies, she has been preparing new armies. The artillery and ammunition are the result of the successful mobilization of German industry.

Against the Russian army holding the Dunajec-Biala line there was flung a huge army, and the way

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for the army was opened by the massed fire of the artillery. To meet this artillery fire the Russians had few guns and less ammunition. For months their ports had been sealed up by winter and domestic production was inadequate. The attack was timed at the exact moment when the stock would be lowest, after the terrible weeks of battle in the mountains and just before the coming of warm weather opened the northern harbor of Archangel.

Before this artillery fire the whole Russian army on the Dunajec seems to have been swept in headlong rout. Its defeat opened the rear of the Carpathian armies, and one division, at least, trapped in the Dukla between the Germans moving east and the Austrians coming north from Hungary, was captured. By swift retreat the troops in the other passes seem to have escaped practically intact. But the main captures, which according to German claims amount to more than 500,000, were made in the early days.

Once the Dunajec line was broken, the purpose of German strategy was to pour a huge army eastward along the Cracow-Lemberg railroad, prevent the Russians from rallying in front of it and ultimately to open a gap in the main Russian battle line which would separate the army in Russian Poland from that in Galicia. Russian strategy was now comprehended in the single purpose to keep a line in front of this great force, to prevent the opening of the breach, with the subsequent envelopment of the two fragments. The same peril threatened the French when their center was assailed at the battle of the Marne. A Russian stand at the Wislok east of the Dunajec was promptly beaten down, another at the San fared equally badly. Without serious delay the main German force took Jaroslav and crossed the San. They were now east of Przemysl. Here they halted for the moment.

Meantime Austrian forces coming north through the Carpathians had reached the rear of Przemysl and were striking north to join hands with the first army and surround Przemysl. These armies were like the jaws of a pair of pincers closing on the Przemysl-Lemberg railroad. After stubborn resistance the Russians abandoned Przemysl, slipped between the pincers and fell back rapidly upon Lemberg. Meantime, farther south along the Dniester, a Russian counter offensive drove a third Austro-German army back in defeat and abolished the menace it constituted to the Russian lines of communication from Lemberg east to the frontier.

But the German drive could not be stopped, and the first German army moving east and north from Jaroslav began again to threaten to split the Russian battle line and open a breach between the forces in Poland and those in Galicia. To prevent this it was again necessary for the Russians to retreat. Their wings along the lower San and the Upper Dniester were holding, but their center was incapable of withstanding the drive. With the evacuation of Lemberg Galicia was lost. The next line of possible defense was in Poland, between Lublin and Dubno, covering the railroad from Ivangorod to Lusk and in front of the fortified camp of Brest-Litowski.

With the Russian retreat from Lemberg the whole purpose of German strategy changed. Originally the main German force had been moving from west to east. Now the front had changed and the Germans were facing north. Their objective had become the fortified line covering the rear of Warsaw. They were no longer aiming to clear Galicia but to envelop the Russian forces in Poland, cut the Moscow railroad west of Brest-Litowski, and compel the Russian retreat from the Polish capital. This was a repetition of the effort of the Austrian armies in the opening days of the war, which collapsed at Tomazov after a preliminary success at Krasnik.

As these lines are written the Germans have passed Krasnik and are approaching the Ivangorod-Lusk railroad at Lublin and Cholin. Unless the Russians can hold this railroad or the line of the Wierpz River behind it, the fate of Ivangorod and Warsaw seems sealed and the Russians will have to retire from the Vistula to the Bug, surrendering to the Germans practically all of Poland. Plainly a new crisis is approaching in the Eastern campaign, and the true measure of Russian defeat will not long be concealed.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Safety in Numbers

NOT until close upon John Florian's death did his friends get a clue to his deportment, courteous always, yet as preoccupied as that of an inventor on the brink of discovery. We all noticed this, of course, as we had noticed his aversion from women's society, in which he would have been so well fitted to gain pleasure by pleasing. He was commonly understood to be a married man, although no one knew whether it was by death or otherwise that he had lost his wife. A portrait in his library, painted years ago in a rather niggling manner, and with that air of being a good likeness which is so unmistakable when you haven't seen the original, represented a woman with abundant bright hair, untroubled shallow baby-blue eyes, and matchless placidity. It was this air of placidity, more than anything else, which

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fixed your attention and stuck in your memory. But John Florian, who retained at fifty-five his formidable gift for preventing indiscreet questions, never said who the lady was.

Never, I mean, until that day, the last time I saw him alive, when he honored me with his confidence. Not until after his funeral did I learn, through a series of those cautious moves by which everybody tries to find out how much everybody else knows, that Mr. Florian had repeated, substantially without variation, in the closing weeks of his illness, to pretty much anyone who dropped in, the following story.

Having married, at the age of twenty-nine, a lady some seven years his junior, Florian withdrew to a castle long in the possession of his mother's family, and lying in the foothills of the range which separates the valley of Aosta from the great plain on which Turin sits exposed. Here he busied himself for a year or so with the management of his maternal estate, with genealogical research, and with occasional stiff climbs in the neighboring Graians. Nor did this methodical and secluded life appear distasteful to Violet Florian, who filled her hours with ministrations among the poor of the neighborhood, and also with needlework, in which she attained a proficiency not surpassed in her husband's experience by any amateur. Although their marriage was childless, a great grief to them both, she bore her part in their joint barrenness without complaint.

Something, however, of monotony must have oppressed her serene spirit, as the sequel may show. At the end of the second year of their marriage Florian was summoned to the United States by the illness of his father, a native of that country. He was a little surprised when, his stay being cut short by the sudden release of his parent, he was on the point of embarking for Italy, to learn by letter from his wife that she had filled the castle with young people, three unmarried maidens and four bachelors, whose names were François, Ugo, Leiboldt and Keith-Keith. The names of the women were also given, but these are not germane to our narrative.

As a result of this letter Florian sailed without cabling to his wife. This omission, due in the first instance to displeasure, changed color during the voyage and presented itself as a charming desire to give Violet a charming surprise. Florian's excitement rose as he neared home. So eager was he to arrive that he set out from Turin immediately upon reaching that city, although the chance was small of attaining the castle before all its denizens were in bed. Perceiving the hopelessness of his undertaking, and desiring now to retard his arrival until daylight, Florian dismissed his conveyance at a distance of several miles from the castle, and made his way thither on foot.

Just before dawn he caught sight of home. There in the fading moonlight stood his castle, not quite half a mile distant, separated from him by a wild gorge. At once his eyes sought the wing where his wife lay, and fastened themselves upon her very windows. Imagine his amazement, nay, his consternation, upon seeing one of these open, and the figure of a man climb out. In the same window appeared, at almost the same moment, the face of a woman with abundant bright hair unloosed in the moonlight. There was an embrace of farewell, the man's figure climbed down the rough stones, ran swiftly along the castle wall, opened with precaution a door into the furthermost wing, and disappeared.

Even for so good a cragsman as John Florian it took time to climb into and out of the gorge. More than half an hour must have passed before the lightest sleeper among his servants let him into the castle, and answered his cautious questions. François, Ugo, Leiboldt and Keith-Keith were all lodged in the wing into which one of them had disappeared. But which one? Exploration of the wing revealed nothing. Every door yielded to Florian's pressure. In each of four rooms he found a bachelor asleep. But already, in Florian's mind, a plan was forming which he resolved to perfect and execute. In his own room, alone, he thought and thought.

John Florian's arrival did not expel his wife's guests. They were to have gone in any event on the following morning, when the men were leaving before daybreak for a brief hunting expedition in the Graians. Violet Florian greeted her husband with placid joy. She commended his unannounced arrival, calling it the sign of a charming desire to give her a charming surprise.

That night, when the women had gone to bed, and the men were gathered at evening's end in the great hall, smoking and talking over the morrow's expedition, its difficulties and other delights, Florian told a story. "In this hall," he began, "a few hundred years ago, one of my ancestors did a queer thing. He had discovered that one of his guests was his wife's lover. He did not know which one. So he called his guests together, just as you are here now, and told them what he knew and did not know. 'I give the lover a fortnight,' my ancestor said. 'If he be dead at the end of that time I shall never reproach my wife, never tell her what I know. But if, at the end of the fortnight, the lover be alive, I shall kill my wife.' My ancestor was a man of violence, and of his word." "And the end of the story?" asked one of the guests—no matter which one. Florian took

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out his watch. "The end of the story? Oh, it's too late for that now. Or too early."

Having said so much, and broken up the company, Florian went to his wife's room and found her sleeping. She did not wake until the sun was high and the men were long gone.

A week later an acquaintance brought bad news. François, seeking to regain his own country by a dangerous pass from Italy into Savoy, had been found dead at the foot of a precipice. He had not taken a guide. Florian trembled when he entered his wife's sitting-room. There she was, at a window that looked down the valley toward the great plain, bent over her needlework. She and François! Had it been any of the others, Florian thought, he could better have borne the blow. While he told her that placid face was almost disturbed, and when he had finished she spoke in accents of unaffected regret: "I am so sorry. Such a nice boy."

So the suicide was the accident it seemed. Not François after all. And a kindness for François entered Florian's heart. The next day he learned that Ugo, swimming in the Mediterranean off Ventimiglia, had been drowned. He was swimming alone. Again did Florian fearfully break the news to his wife, and again did Violet pause in her needlework to say: "I am so sorry. Such a nice boy."

"Believe me or not as you please," so Mr. Florian continued his narrative, "but before the fortnight was over Keith-Keith, who had made his way back to England, was killed in the hunting-field. He too was alone when the accident occurred. My wife bore the news of his death as she had borne the news of the earlier accidents. Leiboldt was therefore the man. Would he perhaps hear what accidents had done for him? Would he take advantage of them to shirk suicide? You may imagine with what anxiety I asked myself these questions, with what relief I learned, on the last day of the fortnight, that Leiboldt had died from poison in his native beer, at his native city of Munich.

"I was certain, of course, that at the announcement of Leiboldt's death my wife would break down. But she did not, and it was I who swooned when I heard her say, in accents of unaffected regret: 'Our guests were not lucky, were they? Such nice boys.' Yes, my mind was affected by these singular events and her singular attitude toward them. For the months when I was not myself she tended me with a skill equaled only by her devotion. Whether in my delirium I made her acquainted with the truth I never discovered. The subject is one we never referred to. I kept the promise I had made her lover or lovers. I had, indeed, no opportunity of breaking it. For upon my restoration to health Violet disappeared. In what part of the world she now plies her needle I have not been able to ascertain.

"Perhaps I have not pressed my search very zealously. My life has been very full without her. Daily have I tried to determine the percentage of suicides among those four deaths. I refer to the deaths of François, Ugo, Leiboldt and Keith-Keith."

Redemption and Dostoevsky

WHEN Dostoevsky wrote that for man to be saved it was necessary that he should believe in the Russian God, he was speaking not more vaguely than most other professed researchers into salvation who work within a church. It is necessary that we should walk in the Spirit, said St. Paul. It is necessary, stammered St. Teresa in answer to an age when the awakened mind of the world was beginning to ask for clearer formulations, that grace should descend upon the essential of the soul. And past that vague passion of the seraphic doctor, theology has to-day advanced hardly a step towards finding out on what intellectual bases a man ought to rebuild his life if he wants to be saved from the peril of wasteful drinking or thinking, and become unalterably a part of the glory of the universe, the apprehension of which is religion. The task has been so completely abandoned by the churches that one could write a history of the moral aspirations of England since the death of Wesley without once mentioning the name of any man who was not a layman. Roman Catholicism has become more and more a social organization to control the ignorant, and a refuge for those among the educated who desire not so much salvation as an escape from democracy and the teasing discussions of life which are promoted by democracy. Protestantism has partly retroceded into an Anglicanism which is identical with Roman Catholicism in that it exists chiefly to maintain the present social system by inculcating obedience as the prime virtue; and its other part considers the emotions evoked by picturesque phrases about the Saviour on the Cross and the Blood of the Lamb to be magic experiences which automatically save the souls they visit and thus preclude the necessity for intellectual research into the salvation of humanity. That has become the fervent pursuit of the secular intelligence. It is the inquiry that looks over the shoulder of the man of science at every experiment; it is the preoccupation that sits like a

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judge in every artist's brain. The discoveries of science and philosophy have opened such magic casements out of the world of appearances that they have attracted men of imagination, whose impulse it is to find out the beauty and significance of material, as strongly as they have repelled those who have staked their existence on the finality of the Christian revelation. And thus it is that the history of the research for redemption is written not in the liturgies but in literature.

It was Dostoevsky's misfortune that the part of this discussion which came under his notice was the pert atheism and utilitarianism which were the dregs of the draught of ideas brewed by the French Revolution, and that he lacked the education to follow thought into her hidden and wonderful ways. So, just as fervently as he took up the research—and there never was a great artist more consciously preoccupied by it—did he turn his back on the culture which had evolved its technique and vocabulary, and link himself with a church that had never heard of this mental adventure. It was his further misfortune that it should be the Greek church; for though that sect has preserved the naïve grace and kindness of the early church and practises a morning Christianity with the dew still on it, it is a savage institution, and its ritual is blood-brother to the prayers mouthed into the beard round the black rock of Mecca, or any magic words howled under the moon by naked worshippers. Yet although each one of his books proved that the church's terminology and processes were hopelessly inadequate for the pursuit of his ideal, he clung to it with that feverish obstinacy which comes of unstable nerves. He continued to talk of ikons and venerable elders who dwelt in cells, and this peculiarly, almost comically, Russian God, who seemed to distrust the Pope as a "furriner," until he left a confused impression that it was his puerile ambition to see the world dominated by priests with pigtails rather than by priests with tonsures. And that is the impression which will remain in the mind unless one turn to the least read and least sympathetically regarded of all his works, "The Possessed," one of the most tormented books in literature.

To all of us there comes at times a mood which wakes us up at two in the morning and makes us think quickly and lucidly and despairingly, so that we lie till the dawn watching the world spin down the skies to destruction. That mood fell upon Dostoevsky at the thought of the picking, spoiling hands and minds of the Nihilists, and it stayed with him all the many days of his writing of "The Possessed." "The treetops roared with a deep droning sound, and creaked on their roots; it was a melancholy morning," he writes in his account of the duel which was one of the graceless follies of Stavrogin, the man who might have been great had he not been paralysed by Nihilism. And he conceived the nineteenth century to be just such a melancholy morning, with Russian life creaking on its roots, and its branches roaring with the wind of doubt and hate which chased across the steppes from godless Europe. At last he becomes distraught by his own gloom, and in one of those still, interminable nights when Stavrogin wanders restlessly about the streets of the little town against whose harmonies his fellows are conspiring, he throws aside the borrowed phrases of the church and cries out his real faith in his own words. He sends out Shatov, the Christian hero, an unstable, untalented thing, redeemed only by his hunger for truth, to pluck Stavrogin by the sleeve and try to recall him to thought and action by restating the idea that had lit up their youth.

> 'Science and reason have, from the beginning of time, played a secondary and subordinate part in the life of nations; so it will be till the end of time. Nations are built up and moved by another force which sways and dominates them, the origin of which is unknown and inexplicable: that force is the force of an insatiable desire to go on to the end, though at the same time it denies that end. It is the force of the persistent assertion of one's own existence, and a denial of death. It's the spirit of life, as the Scriptures call it, "the river of living water," the drying up of which is threatened in the Apocalypse. It's the aesthetic principle, as the philosophers call it, the ethical principle with which they identify it, "the seeking of God," as I call it more simply. The object of every national movement, in every people and at every period of its existence is only the seeking for its god, who must be its own god, and the faith in Him as the only true god. God is the synthetic personality of the whole people, taken from its beginning to its end. . . .'
>
> 'You reduce God to a simple attribute of nationality. . .'
>
> 'I reduce God to the attribute of nationality?' cried Shatov. 'On the contrary, I raise the people to God. And has it ever been otherwise? The people is the body of God. Every people is only a people so long as it has its own god and excludes all other gods on earth irreconcilably. . . . Such from the beginning of time has been the belief of all great nations, all, anyway, who have been specially remarkable, all who have been leaders of humanity. . . . The Jews lived only to await the coming of the true God and left the world the true God. The Greeks deified nature and bequeathed the world their religion, that is, philosophy and art. Rome deified the people in the State and bequeathed the idea of the State to the nations. . . . If a great people does not believe that the truth is only to be found in itself alone (in itself alone and exclusively); if it does not believe that it alone is fit and destined to raise up and save all the rest by its truth, it would at once sink into being ethnographical material, and not a great people. . . . But there is only one truth, and therefore only a single one out of the nations can have the true God, even though other nations may have great gods of their own. Only one nation is "god-bearing," that's the Russian people,

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> and . . . and . . . and can you think me such a fool, Stavrogin,' he yelled frantically all at once, 'that I can't distinguish whether my words at this moment are the rotten old commonplaces that have been ground out in all the Slavophil mills in Moscow, or a perfectly new saying, the last word, the sole word of renewal and resurrection!'
>
> (—From the version translated by Constance Garnett and published by William Heinemann.)

Clearly Dostoevsky was not standing where he thought he was, beside the priest who rocks before the altar in vestments of cloth of gold and intones his ritual in a dialect spoken once in a corner of Macedonia but dead a thousand years ago; for this God he bore in his heart is not the God who lives within the glittering frames of the sacred pictures. He admits a little further on that faith is difficult, strangely difficult. "I want to ask you," says Stavrogin coldly, "do you believe in God, yourself?" "I believe in Russia," mutters Shatov frantically, "I believe in her orthodoxy. . . . I believe in the body of Christ. . . . I believe that the new advent will take place in Russia. . . . I believe . . ." "And in God?" pressed Stavrogin, "in God?" "I . . . I will believe in God. . . ."

And yet while Dostoevsky was promising that he would reënter the little place of incense and lighted tapers and would bind up his belief till it was small enough to lay upon the altar, his spirit had been freed against its will and had joined the company of certain dauntless though disordered saints of the mind. He was celebrating the glory of the universe by reasserting, more hopefully than Schopenhauer, that there is a Will-to-Live which sustains and guides humanity with blind genius, and by extending Stirner's and Nietzsche's doctrines of egotism by preaching that not only men but nations might be strong and sinless like the angels. He had become involved in that eternal war between the proud and the humble, in which all earthly conflicts, from the feud between original genius and the academic art that loves tradition, to the hatred between the pacifist nation which leaves itself unorganized so that its children can adventure freely and the militarist nation organized for obedience, are but battles.

And he had, though he would have denied it, taken up arms with the proud. Pride was his test for everything. It was—as we see in that marvelous interlude in "The Brothers Karamazov" which tells how Christ came to Seville and was condemned to death by the Inquisition lest he should restore to mankind the dangerous gift of free-will —the root of his hatred of Roman Catholicism; a church which preached salvation by the subjection of the will to authority seemed to him rather a communion of cowards than of saints. He hated the materialism of his age, which declared, in the phrase that jangles like a cracked bell through "The Possessed," that "the rattle of the carts bringing bread to humanity is more important than the Sistine Madonna," because it understated the magnificent greeds and appetites of the human animal. He loved Christianity because the willingness for sacrifice is brave, and in the words, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," rings such a call to adventure as no other religion has dared to take upon its lips. It behooved a man to be so proud of life that he would honor its young strength in little children; that he would welcome any deed that would make it sweeter, even if it were performed by the clumsy hands of an old man; that he would rejoice at every word that made its meaning clearer, even though it were hiccuped by a drunken convict. It behooved a man to remember that he was part of a nation crowned with the destiny of saving mankind, and to bear himself proudly and busily as one of its ambassadors. So he might be saved.

Thus he arrived at the nationalism which has been so much misunderstood, and has even led to the contamination of this proud and gentle soul by the approval of such a dark distruster of humanity as Pobiedonostsev. It bears no resemblance to the Black Hundred's pretence of conserving their country by cutting at every fresh bud of intelligence and liberty. It has no sympathy with the nationalism of modern Germany; for a militarist state organized for aggression has plainly, in its delighted expectation of the slaughter of a great number of its children, lost the will to live in the lust for possessions. It was not in the least a declaration of arrogance in international affairs: the contempt thrown upon the gods of other nations in the passage I have quoted springs from a philosophical difficulty as to the uniqueness of truth which must have seemed insuperable before the days of pragmatism. It is nothing more than a counsel as to the environment most suited to the soul desiring perfection. Just as it was the chief suggestion of the reforming Carmelites of the sixteenth century that the nuns should spend less time gossiping with suitors in the convent parlor and more in the contemplative silence of their cells, so Dostoevsky saw that if young Russia wanted to be a splendid power it must stop foregathering in Switzerland to chatter like magpies about Fourier and Réclus, and sit down at home to think in terms of the life it understood.

There is nothing very mystical in the idea that the mind, even as the body, grows stronger in the country of its race. That has been proved again and again by such various manifestations as the characterlessness of colonial art, the literary tatting

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performed by the refined English spinsters who are to be found in the shadow of almost every Italian campanile, or the transformation of the Hindu into something tortuous and impotent by English education. If one removes a man from his country, one deprives him of that heritage of tradition which Dostoevsky upholds as the enemy of science, but which is really the unwritten preface to science, and much more in its spirit than the jabber of misapprehended phrases he was denouncing. When, for instance, he distrusts Jews because it is the tradition of his country that they do not bear poverty so beautifully as Christians, he is plainly arriving at the conclusion by more scientific methods than are used by Houston Stewart Chamberlain when he produces "evidence" that Teutonic infants in arms have been known to burst into tears when approached by Jews. And the man removed from his country has torn from his shoulders the net of human relationship wherein he might have learnt love, which so greatly fortifies the will to live. Never will he be knit to many people by laughter over local jokes, never will he join with strangers in the shamelessly untuneful singing of old songs about past national glories. For never can one become completely assimilated to another nation; always an excess of passion here, a lack of interest there, will betray that one is a different kind of animal, with a different history and other ends. Only in one's own country is the rose of life planted where one would have it, shaped as far as could be by the will of one's own people, nourished by one's own blood.

That was the nationalism of Dostoevsky. If he stated it angrily, with curses at things that are very fair, and in such loose terms that it has been used to support the attack of the bureaucracy upon the people's will, it must be remembered that an artist who conceives this hunger for salvation cannot work calmly. It is like standing in the darkness outside a lighted house to which one has no key. If Dostoevsky sometimes lost himself in rage as he beat on the doors, it was because he had in his heart such a wonderful dream of the light.

REBECCA WEST.

London.

Defective Judicial Procedure

THE framers of our state constitutions were more keenly influenced by the fear of tyrannical power than the need of constructing an efficient government. They wanted ours to be a government of laws and not of men, forgetting that laws must be administered by men. This attitude is largely responsible for the present structure of our procedural law, the defects and inadequacies under which we are laboring. We have tried to construct a judicial machine which, when facts and law are poured into it, will automatically turn out justice—a machine from which the human element is eliminated except in so far as it is to be found in a body of twelve good men and true, who, supposedly, determine disputed questions of fact. We have placed our faith in this machine by tying the hands of him who should be the directing personality—the judge presiding at the trial. For in most of our states the presiding judge is forbidden to help the jury's deliberation by expressing a trained opinion upon the complex and confusing jumble of facts, even though the ultimate findings are left to the jury. In several states he may not even marshal evidence with sterile neutrality—"on the one hand," and "on the other"—but is confined to the statement of abstract propositions of law which bewilder rather than help juries.

This fear of the magistrate is in some states carried so far that the trial judge must reduce his instructions to writing; to give even correct instructions to the jury by the most normal form of human intercourse—speech—is to vitiate the trial. In some states he must be completely dumb, give no instructions whatever on his own initiative, and only deny or grant such instructions to the jury as partisan counsel may suggest. Not only must he be dumb, he must sometimes even be deaf. In two states, at least, a disgruntled vocalist was able to induce a complacent legislature to forbid the judges of the state to curtail the unlimited freedom of irrelevant speech in argument by counsel. This sounds more like a bit of travesty in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera than the existing rules of procedure of a civilized community.

These rules are the harder to swallow when we have them administered in the sacred name of democracy. Surely the very function of a presiding judge—the one disinterested expert at the trial—is to help the jury to reach a just verdict, and to expedite such result. Moreover, if our trial judges have no more power than automata, the tendency is inevitable to have automata-minded lawyers as trial judges. In jurisdictions where the trial judge is an active administrator of the proceedings we find, on the whole, competence and expedition. One need not go to England for the speedy and effective trial of cases. In our Federal courts throughout the country the judges are given much discretionary

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power in controlling the proceedings. Anyone who has listened to the trial of a case presided over by Judge Charles M. Hough of the United States District Court in New York, and contrasted it with the run of trials in the New York State Supreme Court, a few blocks away, cannot help but feel that the difference in penetration, in decisiveness, and in the effective art of getting at the heart of a controversy instead of participating in it as if it were a game, is due largely to the traditional powers which a Federal judge may exercise.

If we require little more than decorative impotence from a judge in his administrative function as presiding officer, we require almost infallibility, and irrelevant infallibility, in his judicial function of ruling on questions of law. An erroneous ruling at a trial is dealt with as though the main inquiry were the correctness of abstract rulings on law rather than the substantial justice achieved at the trial. In more leisurely times new trials, two trials, were granted almost as a matter of course. The first trial was regarded as a sparring match, chiefly useful as a preparation for the second trial. In Massachusetts at one time the defeated party was always entitled to a second trial as a matter of right. In New York until a very few years ago a new trial might always be had in an action to recover land. To-day we are moving away from this crude and wasteful habit of adjusting controversies, but we are still too ready to apply the heroic remedy of a second trial on too slight a provocation.

A defeated party should not be entitled to a new trial for an erroneous ruling by the court unless he can show affirmatively that thereby his substantial rights were prejudiced. This rule has prevailed in England for a long time, has been adopted in several states in this country, and, after many years of agitation by the American Bar Association, was enacted by the last session of Congress to regulate the conduct of all trials in the Federal courts. It is a rule which should prevail in every jurisdiction in this country. It curbs the practice, or at least the temptation, of lawyers to "inject error into the record"; that is, to induce the court, under the necessary stress of a trial, to make a ruling on some unimportant question which subsequently may be shown to be wrong, in order that in case of an adverse verdict a new trial might be obtained. The detriment and wastefulness of unnecessary new trials hardly needs elaboration. To grant them freely is to give an avoidable advantage to the party with the longer purse; it means a needless expense to the community, a clogging of already overcrowded dockets, and a delay to other suitors—to say nothing of the uglier, if less frequent, abuse in the temptation to manufacture evidence for the second trial by a party coached by the court.

The extraordinary remedy of granting a new trial is sometimes abused because of the fetish we make of the *form* of a jury trial. If a case is so clear on the evidence that there is no possible dispute for the jury to settle, so that the judge has the right and the duty to direct a verdict in favor of one party, but weakly leaves the matter to the jury, and they, disregarding entirely the evidence, give a verdict for the wrong party, the remedy on appeal seems plain. Final judgment should be given to the party to whom judgment should have been given in the first instance. But the courts have generally held that the only remedy is a new trial. Indeed, the Supreme Court of the United States, in a divided opinion, has recently decided that a statute which allows the appellate court to give such a judgment to the party entitled to it on the law and the undisputed facts deprives the other party of the right to trial by jury. Surely, as Mr. Justice Hughes demonstrated, this is a perversion, if ever there was one, of a historic rule. It translates, as Dean Thayer has pointed out, the well-defined guaranty of trial by jury into a guaranty of *two* trials by jury. Fortunately this decision is not applicable to the state courts, several of which have refused to follow the reasoning of the United States Supreme Court.

There are several other directions in which the vice of granting a wholly new trial should be attacked. Thus if a party for whom a verdict was given has omitted to prove some one fact which could easily and conclusively have been proved, it should not be necessary to have an entire new trial. The evidence should be received by the court, even by the appellate court, to prove this fact and thus sustain the verdict. Again, if there is to be a new trial because of an erroneous ruling, or because the jury has omitted to find on one of the issues, or because vital evidence has been discovered since the trial, it seems too obviously absurd to retry the other uncontested issues. It is not done in England, and there is no reason why it should be done here. Thus in a recent English case a woman sued for breach of promise of marriage. The jury found a verdict in her favor. The defendant then discovered that the plaintiff had made an admission in a letter that she had a husband living at the time of defendant's promise to marry her. Instead of opening up the entire proceeding the appellate court granted a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence, but confined the parties to the single question whether the plaintiff had a husband living at the time of defendant's promise of marriage. Such a method of treatment not only makes for quick and effective disposition of specific controversies, but, even more important, it reacts upon bar and bench, it makes them "mean business,"

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the serious business of working out human justice through law.

Another fertile cause of delay and waste in our courts is the granting of appeals from what lawyers call interlocutory judgments; that is, decisions on some of the intermediate points that arise in a case before the final determination of the real issue. This is an abuse from which the administration of the Federal courts is free. There no appeal can be taken until a final verdict, one way or the other, is reached in the trial court. The contrary and customary American rule makes it possible for a defendant to ward off judgment for a long time, and usually time is a defendant's strongest ally. A few years ago a corporation rendered itself liable to many damage suits. In order to gain time it would attack every complaint by a motion, and when the motion was denied it would regularly appeal. Then it would demur to the complaint, and when the demurrer was overruled it would again appeal. In this way it was possible to postpone a trial on the merits and ward off judgment for months or even years, although its liability on the law and the facts was perfectly clear. This is a situation familiar to every New York lawyer, for the New York system of procedure invites precisely these tactics. So, too, by all kinds of dilatory appeals on intermediate rulings in no wise affecting guilt or innocence, a defendant in a criminal case may postpone and frustrate the vindication of the criminal law which requires, above all else, speedy enforcement.

There are other causes of delay and of miscarriage of justice in our courts familiar to all lawyers, such as those incident to the selection of a jury, defective rules as to the parties who may be joined in a proceeding, the cumbersome rules of appellate procedure, the want of adequate power in the courts to deal with sham defences. To sum it up in a word, we drown the merits of a controversy in a flood of procedural questions.

What then is the way out? We have tried one method—the regulation of procedure by statutes. New York in 1848 adopted a Code of Procedure prepared by David Dudley Field. Its provisions were not numerous and were intended to simplify the complex historic common law system. But the bench and bar of New York were not ready for reform. The purposes of the code were defeated by the narrow spirit in which it was interpreted, and the technicality of common law procedure survived. Confusion was worse confounded when the present New York Code of Civil Procedure was adopted in 1876. This oppressive work, with its more than 3,400 provisions, renders it very difficult for even the most careful lawyer to pursue the straight and narrow path from summons to judgment. The basic error into which New York, the pioneer in reform of legal procedure, has fallen is in putting any hope in the attempt to regulate the details of practice by statutes alterable by the legislature and only by the legislature. In the last ten years the Code has been amended nearly five hundred times. A lawyer who has lost a case on what he conceives to be a technicality immediately induces the legislature to amend the Code. These isolated, single instances bring forth a brood of so-called principles. A particular evil is met by introducing new evils wholly unconsidered by proposer or legislature. Code-tinkering is thus unsystematic and irresponsible, and the result is a monstrosity.

This is not at all work for the legislature. The tried and natural way out is to place the remedy in the hands of the courts. The procedural detail of administering law is a technical business, requiring a trained, technical equipment. In England the entire subject of procedure is regulated by a few brief statutory provisions relating chiefly to the organization of the courts, and giving to the Supreme Court of Judicature power to regulate procedure by stated rules. Unquestionably this has worked well, measured from whatever standpoint. In several of our states, notably in Connecticut, New Jersey and Colorado, procedure is now similarly regulated by rules of court, subject, except in the last-named state, to a few general statutory provisions. An attempt has been made recently to introduce a similar practice in Ohio. A good example of the way in which judicial procedure should thus be established is to be found in the so-called Federal Equity Rules; these are the rules which govern equity proceedings throughout the country. They were formulated by experts who canvassed the entire field, and consulted with the representatives of all whom the administration of these rules affected, and they were finally framed by a committee of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Rules of like kind govern admiralty, bankruptcy and copyright cases in the United States Courts. Such a method places the responsibility for the efficient administration of justice on the courts themselves. Rules which do not work well can readily be amended, and amended by those who are most familiar with their practical workings, or they may be relaxed or dispensed with where a strict adherence to them would work injustice.

We do not hesitate to give to the Interstate Commerce Commission, to the Federal Trade Commission, to other administrative bodies, power to make their own rules of procedure. Why deny our courts similar power? Even now courts may fill in the hiatus, they may make rules on matters not covered by constitutional or statutory provisions.

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But in New York and elsewhere this means nothing—less than nothing—for the Code regulates not only detail but minutiae which should not be rigidly regulated at all. If we cannot trust the courts to lay down the specialized rules under which they should facilitate the administration of justice, we surely cannot trust them with the vast interests which those rules enforce—the lives and well-being of men, women and children. Of course such an assumption is too absurd. To deny this power on the ground that it is offensive to democracy is to assert that democracy and competence cannot dwell together.

In good truth nothing stands in the way of this needed reform, this sure attainment of substantial progress in the administration of justice, except inertia. A little courage, a little applied intelligence, is all that is needed. The Constitutional Convention now in session at Albany can do nothing that will contribute more demonstrable gain and arouse less opposition than to confer plainly and unequivocally upon the courts the power to deal with all questions of procedure.

Austin W. Scott,
Felix Frankfurter,
Roscoe Pound.

How Can England Pay the Bill?

TO many foolish persons in England it has been a matter of pride that business goes on much as usual, and that our own people have been driven to no such economies of expenditure and living as we are happy to believe are forced on Germany. This short-sighted view is partly due to the comparative ease with which the early stages of the war have been financed by Treasury bills, a first war loan, and a moderate measure of taxation. Up to the present time the government has made no serious attempt to make Parliament or the people realize the magnitude of the efforts and sacrifices involved in finding a sum which Mr. Asquith has just estimated as at least £3,000,000 a day for carrying on the war.

Since the beginning of March the actual rate of war expenditure has been a little less than £2,750,000 a day, but for the ensuing months £3,000,000 may be taken as a minimum. Taking the financial year beginning April 1, 1915, this means for a full year's war an aggregate expense of about £1,080,000,000, including a sum of about £80,000,000 for advances to our allies and our dominions. Now towards this expense we have a sum of about £50,000,000, the estimated yield of the new war-taxes already imposed, and a balance of £32,000,000 carried forward into this year's account from the proceeds of the last war-loan. This leaves a deficit of about £1,000,000,000 to be met out of fresh taxation and fresh borrowing. Such is the prodigious financial legacy bequeathed by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. McKenna, his successor in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. How can the money be found? Since it is admitted that no methods of taxation can be devised which will raise more than a small proportion of the required sum, it is convenient first to consider ways of borrowing. The ease with which some £250,000,000 have been raised by Treasury bills has misled many persons into supposing that an unlimited amount of money can be got this way. In point of fact, the limit of money thus obtainable has been almost reached. For this mode of investment has mopped up most of the financial capital lying idle with the banks and financial houses by reason of the large decline of ordinary commercial bills and the shrinkage of ordinary investments. Though a considerably larger sum than £250,000,000 might be temporarily raised by Treasury bills, the amount continuously available cannot be put at a higher sum than this. If then we assign £250,000,000 from this source to temporary loans, our deficit is reduced to £750,000,000.

Before considering the funds available for the new war loans which are projected, it will be well to take into account the special taxation upon "war profits" which was foreshadowed by Mr. George in his Budget speech. It is of course notorious that certain large industries have been coining money out of the war. The firms employed upon munitions or other war supplies account only for a small proportion of these war-profits. The shipping and the mining industries, together with their subsidiary trades, have been enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity. The gross income for shipping, after taking into consideration the reduced tonnage, has more than doubled, and it is probable that the extra profits divided among the shipping and ship-building firms amount to not less than £80,000,000. An average rise in the price of coal, amounting to 7/6 per ton, would yield a sum of nearly the same amount to be divided among colliery owners and coal merchants. The clothing trade of Yorkshire, the leather trade, and many branches of the engineering trades, are also battening upon government contracts, high prices, and full employment. If two-thirds of these war surpluses were taken by a special war-tax, it seems

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likely that a contribution to our deficit could be made which might amount to as much as £100,000,000 for shipping and mining with their subsidiary trades, and £50,000,000 from other "khaki" trades. Were such an expectation realized, our deficit would be reduced to £600,000,000.

How much of this sum is it likely can be raised within the year by voluntary subscription to new war loans? The immense wealth of the property-owning classes in the shape of investments has led loose-minded optimists to suppose that in the last resort the war can be kept going to an indefinite extent out of these accumulated savings. This is fallacious. The amount of these home or foreign investments which can be realized within the year, so as to help in financing the war by furnishing funds for a war loan, is strictly limited. The sum is virtually determined by the rate at which the United States, the only outside market, will buy our securities. The pace at which she has been recently absorbing them does not warrant us in supposing that her purchases during the year will exceed £250,000,000. The sum thus realized would belong, of course, not to the government, but to private individuals. It may, however, reasonably be considered as increasing the fund available in this country for contribution towards a war loan. Or, stated otherwise, it may be considered as a large contribution towards the adverse trade-balance of a country which this year is importing some £400,000,000 worth of goods in excess of its exports.

But even with this aid could we hope to raise a voluntary war loan of £600,000,000? The total income of the income-tax-paying classes amounted before the war to £936,000,000. Now, although the trade and industries of the country have been wonderfully sustained during the war, this income must be considerably reduced. The professional and trading classes as a whole have suffered large reductions, and for present purposes the enhanced profits of the war-trades must be left out of account. A reduction of the £936,000,000 to £850,000,000 would be a fair computation of the shrinkage. But this £850,000,000 must be further reduced by the taxation already borne by it, to the extent of £105,000,000. The round sum of £750,000,000 thus appears as the total income of the upper and middle classes available for subscribing to the war loan. Even if we suppose the resources of this class reinforced by the realization of foreign securities to the extent of £250,000,000, it would be impossible by voluntary appeal to extract a war loan which would amount to more than two-thirds of the required £600,000,000.

Consideration of the normal rate of national savings will sustain this view. In pre-war times the savings were absorbed at an annual sum of some £300,000,000. Even assuming no net reduction of savings to correspond with reduced income in war time, a good deal of this saving must be applied to the current needs of industrial capital for the transformation and enlargement of businesses engaged in furnishing munitions and other war supplies, as well as for other necessary industrial purposes. To anticipate that as much as £400,000,000 could be obtained out of a voluntary war loan would be a very sanguine expectation. No doubt some further increase of the income-tax and of the super-tax is likely to be proposed. But any sum thus obtained falls upon the same resources that are available for subscribing the loan, and is likely to diminish almost to an equivalent extent the sum raised by this latter method.

In other words, the deficit cannot be met exclusively from the capital and income resources of the income-tax-paying classes. Some serious attempt to obtain a large contribution from the resources of the more prosperous grades of the working classes is certain to be made. This may take practical shape in one or more of three proposals: a lowering of the income-tax level from the present exemption rate of £160 per annum to, say, £100 or even less; an attempt to evolve voluntary subscriptions to an ordinary war loan, issued with small shares suitable for working-class investment; or, finally, a compulsory levy applied to the incomes of the workers as well as to the higher classes. Now if, as may be presumed, the deficit to be filled up remains at the high figure of some £200,000,000, it will be evident that a direct tax on wages could not yield as much as a quarter of the required amount, and would evolve the maximum of opposition and irritation. A well-thought-out scheme of inducing workers to invest their savings in war scrip is a far sounder proposition. But there is no reason to suppose that it would furnish any really adequate contribution. I am therefore driven to the conviction that the government will finally resort to the method of the compulsory levy for a special war loan, following the war loan upon ordinary terms which will shortly be announced. The last £200,000,000 of the deficit can only be obtained by some such exercise of compulsory powers, extended so as to obtain a contribution from all incomes above the subsistence level. Roughly speaking, it will mean the exaction of some ten per cent of all incomes. The method of obtaining it in the case of wage-earnings would be by requiring employers to deduct the required contribution from the weekly wages they pay, as is done at present in the case of the insurance contribution.

The general effect of such war finance will be to draw into the coffers of the state virtually the

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whole of the normal savings of the nation (less the supply of new capital authorized for necessary purposes of current industry), together with that portion of the national income usually expended upon luxuries and comforts. When this is brought about, it will involve really revolutionary changes both in the mode of living and of industry. For the strictly economic problem is how to increase to the extent of some £500,000,000 the production of war munitions and of food, clothing, and other supplies for maintaining our forces and those of our allies, or the production of export goods wherewith to buy these war supplies from other countries. This can only be done by the most rigorous economy in every sort of production and consumption. Now if, in accordance with the financial measures here outlined, the state removes, by taxation, voluntary and forced loans, virtually the whole of the current income of all classes normally employed in the purchase of luxuries or unnecessaries, and succeeds in applying it to the production of increased quantities of munitions, war supplies, and necessaries for the support of the fighting forces and the munitions makers, the financial problem is solved. But this solution, and I can see no other, involves the disappearance of virtually the whole of the present lavish expenditure on motor cars, week-ends and other expensive habits of the well-to-do, the sacrifice of alcohol, theatre-going and other amusements, the most rigorous economy in clothing, literature, holidays and all other modes of unnecessary spending, on the part of every member of the community. If the war continues beyond this summer I see no way by which these sacrifices can be avoided. The government is culpable for not having taught the nation its financial lesson earlier.

J. A. Hobson.

The Professor

THE Professor is a young man, but he had so obviously the misfortune of growing up too early that he seems already like a mournful relic of irrevocable days. His ardent youth was spent in that halcyon time of the early nineteen-hundreds when all was innocence in the heart of young America. "When I was in college," the Professor often says, "all this discussion of social questions was unknown to us. The growing seriousness of the American college student is an inspiring phenomenon in our contemporary life."

In those days the young men who felt an urge within them went in for literature. It was still the time when Presbyterian clergymen and courtly Confederate generals were contributing the inspiration of their ripe scholarship to the younger generation. It was the time when Brander Matthews still thrilled the world of criticism with his scintillating Gallic wit and his cosmopolitan wealth of friendships. The young men of that time are still a race apart. Through these literary masters they touched the intimate life of literature; they knew Kipling and Stevenson, Arthur Symons and the great Frenchmen, and felt themselves one with the charmed literary brotherhood throughout the world. It was still the time when, free from philosophic or sociologic taint, our American youth was privileged to breathe in from men like Henry van Dyke and Charles Eliot Norton the ideals of the scholar and the gentleman.

The Professor's sensitive talent soon asserted itself. With Wordsworth he had absorbed himself into the circumambient life of nature and made the great reconciliation between her and man. With Shelley he had dared unutterable things and beaten his wings against the stars. With Tennyson he had shuddered pensively on the brink of declining faith. With Carlyle he had felt the call of duty, and all the revulsion against a sordid and mechanical age. With Arnold he had sought the sweetness and light which should come to him from knowing all the best that had been said and thought in the world. The Professor had scarcely begun to write verse before he found himself victor in a prize poetry contest which had enlisted the talent of all the best poets of America. He often tells his students of the intoxication of that evening when he encircled the dim vaulted corridors of the college library, while his excited brain beat out the golden couplets of the now celebrated "Ganymedes." The success of this undergraduate stripling fell like a thunderbolt upon the literary world. Already consecrated to the scholar's career, he found fallen upon him the miracle of the creative artist. But Shelley and Keats had had their greatness very early, too. And when, at the early age of twenty-three, the Professor published his masterly doctoral dissertation on "The Anonymous Lyrics of the Fourteenth Century," he at once attained in the world of literary scholarship the distinction that "Ganymedes" had given him in the world of poetry.

His career has not frustrated those bright promises. His rare fusion of scholarship and genius won him the chair of English Literature in one of our most rapidly growing colleges, where he has incomparable opportunities for influencing the ideals of the young men under him. His courses are among the most popular in the college. Although his special scholarly research has been devoted to pre-Elizabethan literature, he is at home in all the ages. His lectures are models of care-

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fully weighed criticism. "My purpose," he says, "is to give my boys the spirit of the authors, and let them judge between them for themselves." Consequently, however much Swinburne may revolt him, the Professor expounds the carnal and desperate message of that poet with the same care which he gives to his beloved Wordsworth. "When they have heard them all," he told me once, "I can trust my boys to feel the insufficiency of any purely materialistic interpretation of life."

Impeccable as is his critical taste where the classics are concerned, he is reluctant about giving his opinion to those students who come for a clue through the current literary maze. Stevenson was early canonized, and the Professor speaks with charm and fulness upon him, but G. B. S. and Galsworthy must wait. "Time, perhaps," says the Professor, "will put the seal of approval upon them. Meanwhile our judgment can be only tentative." His fine objectivity is shown in those lists of the hundred best books of the year which he is sometimes asked to compile for the Sunday newspapers. Rarely does a new author, never does a young author, appear among them. Scholarly criticism, the Professor feels, can scarcely be too cautious.

The Professor's inspiring influence upon his students, however, is not confined to his courses. He has formed a little literary society in the college, which meets weekly to discuss with him the larger cultural issues of the time. Lately he has become interested in philosophy. "In my day," he once told me, "we young literary men did not study philosophy." But now, professor that he is, he goes to sit at the feet of the great metaphysicians of his college. He has been immensely stirred by the social and moral awakening of recent years. He willingly allows discussions of socialism in his little society, but is inclined to deprecate the fanaticism of college men who lose their sense of proportion on social questions. But in his open-mindedness to radical thought he is an inspiration to all who meet him. To be radical, he tells his boys, is a necessary part of experience. In professorial circles he is looked upon as a veritable revolutionist, for he encourages the discussion of vital questions even in the classroom. Questions such as evolution, capital punishment, free thought, protection and education of women, furnish the themes for composition. And from the essays of the masters—Macaulay, Huxley, John Stuart Mill and Matthew Arnold—come the great arguments as freshly and as vitally as of yore. Literature, says the Professor, is not merely language; it is ideas. We must above all, he says, teach our undergraduates to think.

Although the Professor is thus responsive to the best radicalisms of the day, he does not let their shock break the sacred chalice of the past. He is deeply interested in the religious life of his college. A devout Episcopalian, he deplores the callousness of the present generation towards the immemorial beauty of ritual and dogma. The empty seats of the college chapel fill him with dismay. One of his most beautiful poems pictures his poignant sensations as he comes from a quiet hour within its dim, organ-haunted shadows out into the sunlight, where the careless athletes are running bare-leggedly past him, unmindful of the eternal things.

I think I like the Professor best in his study at home, when he talks on art and life with one or two respectful students. On the wall is a framed autograph of Wordsworth, picked up in some London bookshop; and a framed letter of appreciation from Richard Watson Gilder. On the table stands a richly-bound volume of "Ganymedes" with some of the very manuscripts, as he has shown us, bound in among the leaves. His deep and measured voice flows pleasantly on in anecdotes of the Authors' Club, or reminiscences of the golden past. As one listens, the glamor steals upon one. This is the literary life, grave, respected, serene. All else is hectic rush, modern ideas a futile babel. It is men like the Professor who keep the lustre of scholarship bright, who hold true the life of the scholar and the gentleman as it was lived of old. In a world of change he keeps the faith pure.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Free Speech in Philadelphia

SIR: May I introduce a note of apparent pessimism into the Nearing free speech controversy? Is the old fable of the mountain and the mouse going to be duplicated in the results of this fierce (paper) upheaval? Do we want free speech? Do we know what it is when we see it? Philadelphia does not know, and does not care. In place of demanding the resignation of offending trustees, it is "content" with writing letters to the daily papers, with academic quibbles on qualifying words. What is Truth, said Pilate. What *is* free speech, say pro and con. Free speech has been called the right to proclaim views "not discordant with the ethical sense of the community"; the utterance of persons "of known high character"; not "unrestricted right"; not "treason," "obscenity." Always a trench back of a trench in the opposition to progress in ideals. Always a question of degree, but not of kind. Speech is not to call accepted truth a lie, or to say that conventionalized rottenness is filth. It is not to offend "the sensibilities of those holding different views," nor to "discredit moral principles regarded by the rest as fundamental." There has been no suggestion that thoughtful manhood or thoughtful womanhood is the sole qualification for free speech or action. Free speech, and the normal action that should follow it, means and always has

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meant martyrdom, if sufficiently in advance of public thought (or lack of it). Will Dr. Nearing join the pioneers and be discredited and silenced with Emma Goldman, Lawson and the like? His scope among the elect and respectable is getting limited.

W. S. W.

Philadelphia.

The Case for Lord Northcliffe

SIR: In THE NEW REPUBLIC of June twelfth I find an article written by S. K. Ratcliffe which seems to me to give a wrong impression to Americans in regard to, first, the fall of the late Liberal Cabinet, and second, the power and influence of Lord Northcliffe.

Mr. Ratcliffe makes the statement, "Leaders of the Opposition, using their knowledge of the situation as a political weapon, threatened to destroy the government." I have been informed that this is not correct. Mr. Asquith found that he was having as much trouble in his own party as he was in the Opposition, on account of the scandal regarding the supply of shells and other necessary supplies to carry on the war. He saw at once that he could not remain in power, that his ministry would fall as Lord Aberdeen's did in 1854, when circumstances were almost identically the same as at present. He, realizing that this war was one of life and death to Great Britain and that it was not a time for political strife, called in the Opposition and laid the entire matter before them, and suggested that they should form a Coalition Government. As you can readily see, if this is correct, this does not bear out the insinuations which Mr. Ratcliffe makes against the leaders of the Unionist party.

Mr. Ratcliffe also states, "Lord Northcliffe is plainly the destroyer of the Asquith Cabinet." By a very narrow interpretation of the facts it might be said that this is correct. But looking at things from a broad point of view it cannot be said to be anything like correct.

In 1853, during the Crimean War, the *Times,* which was then controlled by the third John Walter, sent out William H. Russell, popularly known as "Billy" Russell. His exposure of the mismanagement of the War Office under Sidney Herbert during the winter of 1854 caused the downfall of Lord Aberdeen's ministry. At that time there was a tremendous outcry in Great Britain against the *Times* and Russell; but as they were absolutely correct in their facts regarding mismanagement, the people of Great Britain came to the conclusion that the *Times* was right and Lord Aberdeen's government was wrong.

That is an exact comparison with to-day. The *Times* published the facts in regard to shells—or rather lack of shells—and this fact forced Mr. Asquith to reorganize his government to save it from exactly the same fate that befell Lord Aberdeen's in 1854. The *Times* in neither case could have destroyed the government if it had not been that their facts were correct, and that in both cases the government was wrong. Therefore it seems to me plain that it was not the *Times's* fault that the Asquith Cabinet went out of power; it was mistakes made by members or a member of the Cabinet.

Mr. Ratcliffe also states, "There remain, I think, when all is said, two questions uppermost in the minds of reasonable Englishmen. First, how is the country to free itself from the intolerable dictatorship of Lord Northcliffe and his journals?"

There are undoubtedly some people, headed by Mr. Cadbury of the *Daily News,* who think that Lord Northcliffe, as the chief proprietor of several newspapers, is a "serious menace" to this country. But is there anything in this assertion? In 1854 the *Times* when it published "Billy" Russell's letters in regard to the mismanagement of the War Office in the Crimean War, had a circulation of a little over 51,000. At that time all the other London papers put together—five of them—had a circulation of just about 21,000. At that time the *Times* had a circulation two and a half times as great as all its competitors. To-day, if you leave out the *Daily Mirror,* Lord Northcliffe's journals—the *Times, Daily Mail* and *Evening News*—have a circulation of about 2,000,000; whereas all the other papers of London, leaving out the *Mirror,* have a circulation of about 2,200,000. Therefore, instead of Lord Northcliffe, as the controlling power of the *Times,* having two and a half times the circulation of all the other papers, as the third John Walter had in 1854, he has not got quite as much.

I don't think Mr. Ratcliffe himself would claim that the *Times* in 1854 was a "serious menace" to the country; and I don't think any impartial, open-minded person would feel to-day that Lord Northcliffe, as the real power behind the *Times,* is a "serious menace" to Great Britain.

This letter is not written as a defence of Lord Northcliffe; he is quite capable and able to defend himself. This letter is written solely to give a little different view to the readers of THE NEW REPUBLIC of events in this country from what Mr. Ratcliffe gives. At least it can do no harm to let the same readers see that there is another side.

H. E. H.

London.

P. S.—I have left out the *Daily Mirror* from the list of Lord Northcliffe's papers because I believe I am correct in saying that Lord Northcliffe does not own any interest in it, though his brother, Lord Rothermere, probably has a controlling interest. But at the time of the publication of Colonel Repington's correspondence from the front, the *Mirror* condemned the *Times* as all the Liberal papers did.

Silence for Englishmen

SIR: In a recent issue you published an article by S. K. Ratcliffe on the reconstruction of the Cabinet. That article contained a statement of certain "facts" which "came tumbling out" about a difference of opinion between Lord Kitchener and Sir John French as to the relative merits of shrapnel and high explosive shell. In view of Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech in the House of Commons, a confession of shortcomings on the part of the British government in the matter of munitions is now before the world, and no honest man will wish to minimize those shortcomings. But any man with slight knowledge of the intricacies of the subject will realize that Mr. Ratcliffe's statement does injustice to the intelligence both of Lord Kitchener and of Sir John French. The actual accomplishments of the government in mobilizing an unprepared country have been forgotten in a consideration of what the government failed to accomplish; and this is healthy in a nation faced with the necessity of judging efficiency and self-sacrifice by no ordinary standards. But constructive criticism is not assisted by the ancient pose of easy journalistic omniscience. This is a warning, not a refutation. Silence, not self-justification, befits a fighting nation.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

London.

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A War Author Objects

SIR: There has been brought to my attention a criticism of my book, "Fighting in Flanders," appearing in THE NEW REPUBLIC of April seventeenth, which concludes as follows:

> . . . "damned by its first chapter, in which Mr. Powell makes it quite clear that, according to Mr. E. Alexander Powell, none save himself and his photographer had the proper permits to see the war; ergo, none save these two could possibly have seen it. Thus, for example, he disposes of Mr. Cobb: 'One gentleman, who was halted while endeavoring to reach the firing-line in a decrepit cab, informed the officer before whom he was taken that he represented *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia.' To no one will it be necessary to explain why such a mention of Mr. Cobb is not what it should be, though indeed it is clever in that it would permit Mr. Powell to deny that he referred to Mr. Cobb in the above reference to Mr. Cobb."

Despite your insulting suggestion that the sentence in question was adroitly framed so that I might be able to belittle and ridicule the work of a fellow-correspondent with impunity, I do most emphatically and indignantly deny that I alluded to Mr. Cobb either in that sentence or in any other sentence in the book.

In the first place, as you are perfectly aware, my book deals with my experiences with the Belgian Army, and, as you are also aware, Mr. Cobb never was and never claimed to have been with the Belgian Army, whereas the incident alluded to occurred a few miles south of Ghent, during the battle of Alost, at a time when Mr. Cobb was with the German armies several hundred miles away. Nor does the truth of the incident rest upon my unsupported word (which you have taken pains to announce in advance you would not believe) for it was witnessed by at least half-a-dozen reputable correspondents and photographers, both English and American.

Not only am I not jealous of Mr. Cobb, as you evidently desire your readers to infer, but I am a most profound admirer of his work. The work which has been done by Mr. Cobb during this war has been the envy of every other correspondent. I might add that, to my personal knowledge, Mr. Cobb enjoyed facilities for observation while with the German armies which were obtained by no one else.

There is, I am sorry to say, a vast amount of jealousy and ill-feeling between correspondents, magazine writers and newspaper men, and it is just such paragraphs as the one quoted which do much to aggravate and intensify this attitude. I have long made it a rule to refrain from replying to any legitimate criticisms of my work, however harsh or unjust I may consider them. But in this case you have gone far beyond the bounds of legitimate or honest criticism, of good taste, or of fair play. It constitutes, indeed, one of the most malicious and contemptible attempts to engender ill-feeling between two writers that has ever come to my attention. A retraction and an apology from a journal capable of making so vicious and unjustified an attack would, of course, be too much to hope for.

Paris. E. ALEXANDER POWELL.

[NOTE: Regarding Mr. Powell's denial that in the first chapter of his "Fighting in Flanders" he referred to Mr. Cobb, upon re-studying that first chapter, with the typical reviewer's bellicose desire to "answer him," to prove one's self right, I discovered that I was not so sure that I was right; that I was not so sure that Mr. Powell was wrong. Certainly the combination of going to war in a taxicab and of representing *The Ladies' Home Journal*—the sister of Mr. Cobb's own *Saturday Evening Post*—would seem to indicate Cobb, but now I'm not so sure. And Mr. Powell is quite right in saying that it's a little (meaning a lot) unfair to declare beforehand that one wouldn't believe his word. I did praise Mr. Powell's book, I believe, by remarking that it was "lucid—exciting—a document to be consulted in regard to the German atrocities." And now, if I may do so without seeming to be intimidated by Mr. Powell's wrath, I'll withdraw my assertion that Mr. Powell necessarily refers improperly to the other war correspondents. It is, of course, in this day when 20,000,000 men are fighting to prove themselves impeccably right, a bore to admit that one may be wrong, but I rather think I am.

In meekly withdrawing my assertions about the book, I wish, however, to object strongly to the tone of Mr. Powell's letter. The last paragraph commits the fault of which Mr. Powell accused the review—announcing beforehand that he does not expect us to be honorable. After reading the rather disagreeable letter which Mr. Powell has written to prove that by no possibility could he have meant to be rather disagreeable in that chapter about war correspondents, one wonders a little if the first belief, as given in the review, is not sounder than the second belief, resulting in retraction.—*T.B.P., the Reviewer.*]

The Valor of Peace

SIR: Does not A. B. L. confuse the issue in his comment on Alan Seeger and his critics? The final question is not whether the spirit of Alan Seeger is fine and desirable but whether war is fine and desirable. Surely it does not need a supersensitized soul to be touched and quickened by the beauty of that spirit, by the way it transmutes suffering into strength and death into life. But everywhere we see men who have found their God in plague and pestilence, whose deepest vision has come from contact with suffering and disease and death, in cities as on battlefields, in the sorrows of a single life as in the agony of a nation or a continent. Because misery sometimes creates prophets and poets must we praise misery? Because some men have achieved a sense of universal kinship from acquaintance with poverty and starvation must we therefore rejoice in poverty and starvation? Surely we can be thankful for the fruits of the spirit without praising all the soil in which they grow. That the war has given a new soul to Alan Seeger does not mean that he—or we—should glorify war.

DOROTHY BROWNING KIRCHWEY.

New York City.

Mr. Seeger's Letter Not Debatable

SIR: May I too say a word *re* Mr. Seeger. His letter is a moving piece of human testimony and deserves to have its integrity preserved from attack. What we think of its arguments is another matter; to adopt it as a platform for debate would be droll if it were not unfair. I make no plea for Mr. Seeger's point of view as such. We who are not there can't have that point of view. But Mr. Seeger is entitled to it, and for my part I thank THE NEW REPUBLIC for the poetry which is the fruit of one man's experience.

D. Q.

New York City.

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Books and Things

DERMOD FLYNN, who tells in the first person the story of Patrick MacGill's earlier book, "Children of the Dead End," published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company in 1914, is an Irish farm laborer, who goes to Scotland and works as a navvy, lives a tramp's life between jobs, and does a little journalism in London. All I know for certain of Mr. MacGill is that he has led much the same sort of life as Dermod's, and that he is now at the front with the London Irish. Newspaper cuts represent him as a young man, a little under thirty, one would say, with a handsome mask, with bones showing under the lean flesh, with indomitable eyes and mouth.

As for the rest, you must make it out as best you can from Mr. MacGill's books. On the title-page "Children of the Dead End" is described as "the autobiography of an Irish navvy." "Most of my story is autobiographical," Mr. MacGill says in his preface. "Nearly all the incidents of the book have come under the observation of the writer." The distinction between the observed parts and the invented parts is here of no importance to the reader, for it all sounds true. Even the principal mistake Mr. MacGill makes about himself is evidently a sincere though unjust criticism of himself as a writer. "I studied literary style," says Dermod Flynn, describing a "literary frenzy" which took possession of him, "and but for that I might by this time have cultivated a style of my own; I read so much that by this time I have hardly an original idea left." The implication is unjust, for Dermod Flynn does not obtrude his ideas. What matters is the things he sees and feels. His courage matters most of all. He is rarely light-hearted. The raw life his eyes have seen is a terrible life. His perception of its cruelty and degradation and hopelessness is part of the fabric of his character. Yet his courage abides. "Never yet have I given in to my man," he says of himself as a fighter, "until he knocked me unconscious to the ground." That is just my notion of Mr. MacGill.

Dermod Flynn is quite wrong about his style. It is a style in which he can say what he wants to say. He often wants to describe sensations. "A shower of fine ashes" —he is telling us about shovelling ashes on a railway— "were continually falling downward and resting upon our necks and shoulders, and the ash-particles burned the flesh like thin red-hot wires. It was even worse when they went further down our backs, for then every move of the underclothing and every swing of the shoulders caused us intense agony. Under the run of the shirt the ashes scarred the flesh like sand-paper." Better still is a sentence from the description of Flynn's fight with Gahey; "A vicious jab from Gahey slipped along the arm with which I parried it. I hit with my left, and the soft of my enemy's throat jellied inwards under the stroke."

However, "Children of the Dead End" is not a book which can be judged sentence by sentence, or page by page. You must read it as a whole, for an unsentimentalized picture of the navvy's existence, his work, his joy in drinking and forgetting and fighting, his point of view. "On Sunday afternoons, when not at work, I went to hear the socialist speakers who preached the true Christian Gospel to the people at the street corners. The workers seldom stopped to listen; they thought that the socialists spoke a lot of nonsense. The general impression was that socialists, like clergymen, were paid speakers; that they endeavored to save men's bodies from disease and poverty as curates save men's souls from sin for a certain number of shillings a day." Here is Dermod Flynn's account of the navvy's attitude toward women: "The great proportion of the navvies live very pure lives. . . . This is remarkable when it is considered that they seldom marry. 'We cannot bring children into the world to suffer like ourselves,' most of them say. That is the reason why they remain single."

"Children of the Dead End" is a chronicle story. All sorts of persons wander in and out of it, just as they might wander in and out of a navvy's real life. Such unity as it has, and it doesn't try for much, comes chiefly from the fact that our point of view is always Dermod Flynn's, and that his changes just so much as a real man's changes while he grows older, and partly from the imaginative skill with which Dermod Flynn's love story is treated. In boyhood Dermod Flynn had a good friend in Norah Ryan, a girl about a year older than he. The growth and change of his feeling toward her, his increasing inability to forget her when they are separated—these things are shown us with extraordinary lifelikeness and beauty.

Norah Ryan is the central figure of Patrick MacGill's new book, "The Rat-Pit." (George H. Doran Company: $1.25 net.) We meet her first when she is a child of twelve, setting off on foot, alone, before sunrise in winter, to buy wool to knit socks with. She is a gentle child and unselfish, living on the Donegal coast not far from the village of Greenamore, stinting herself of food so that her father and brother and sick mother may keep a little further from starvation. All her life, in her childhood in Ireland, and when she goes to Scotland as a potato-picker, hardly more than a child, extremest poverty is about her, starvation close to her and nearly all her friends, "like ocean round a diving-bell." You may possibly have wondered, after finishing "Children of the Dead End," and finding it good, whether after all Mr. MacGill could ever write anything that wasn't autobiography. This question is answered in "The Rat-Pit." Dermod Flynn's attitude toward Norah Ryan was imaginatively remembered. Norah's attitude toward Dermod is finely imagined.

These people have almost no thoughts. They have no time for such things. They work long hours at heavy and ill-paid tasks, and they sleep oftenest in filth. Theirs are sordid lives, made up of labor and pain and slow dreams. "The Rat-Pit," a record of these simple sordid lives is, even more than it is a book of pity, a book of beauty. The shaping imagination with which Mr. MacGill was not concerned when he wrote "Children of the Dead End," helped him to write "The Rat-Pit." Except just at the close, where there is something almost melodramatic about the crowding together of natural misfortunes, something artificial about an incident which Maupassant has narrated without artificiality, the book's tone is absolutely unforced. And what a series of pictures it leaves in one's mind, as, for example, of the Donegal seacoast in winter, with women asleep in the snow. Norah Ryan is very young when in her ignorance she is seduced and forsaken, when she bears her child and takes to the streets, and when she sickens and dies. And just as one's deepest impression, after reading "Children of the Dead End," was of a courage that cannot be conquered, so, after finishing "The Rat-Pit," one's deepest impression is of a purity that abides till the end.

P. L.

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Neither Devil Nor Angel

One Man, by Robert Steele. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

THE merit of this book is in that it is supremely interesting, and revealingly American. It is not a novel but an autobiography, and tells everything—quite everything—that happened to the author between his first and thirty-sixth year. Here you see a man who is a fool at times, and very much of a healthy animal without any really deterring moral scruples, going his way, stealing at five years of age, running away two or three times, forging checks, getting in with various women, having two illegitimate children, one of whom dies at birth, getting married twice, and so on—a series of details that keep you stirred up mentally, weighing, judging, accusing, casting stones. The one thing that struck me forcibly was that the book had intense reality, and a kind of romance about it that was sweet even though gauche and middle-class. The things that irritated me were the author's tendency to weep freely, and his moralizings and prayers. Every fourth or fifth page he calls on humanity to witness how evil he was, or how serious were his efforts to reform, but how weak he was in the face of desire—remarks which amuse, but which impress one only unfavorably.

I sometimes think that the passion to conceal and seem different from what they are is only equaled in the majority of people by their power to dream something better. Where people conceal much and dream much they resent those rude facts of life that expose themselves to themselves, or pale or destroy their hopes for themselves. And outside the triturating facts of everyday life which bruise and destroy some while making others smooth, I know of nothing so forceful as a true book to reveal one's self to one's self, or shatter flaccid, aenemic notions of how things are. For the facts of life come slowly, and over a long period of years. But in a book you may get it all in a day, and in about three hundred and seventy pages, as in the one we are discussing. And when they are facts and of an unmoralistic, hard, and lifelike value, they cut and burn and sting just as do the real encounters of life, or nearly so.

In America, England, and even France to-day, because of all the stress of war, perchance, there are such strivings after the ideal, and such dreams of the perfect as we have not seen in some time. It is said of Hebraic history that the arrivals of its prophets are always coincident with its period of grossest materialism. Why? Was life made better by their coming? Were there no greater or worse days of materiality than those against which the prophets railed? Or were they not just another evidence of the systole, diastole of nature—that is, where there is heat there will be cold, where vice, virtue, etc. Hundreds of years after Isaiah and Jeremiah came Rome and the Middle Ages and the Borgias. The world saw France of the Revolution and before. Neither Asia, Africa, nor the tropics anywhere have responded to the ideal in conduct. Life everywhere has gone on sinning—as the religionist sees it—sometimes thinking it sin, sometimes not, sometimes regretting, sometimes not. In America in our day we have developed a vast passion for righteousness, and we are getting better.

It is for this reason, I think, that a book which pictures the primeval Adam in man is always resented by the majority. It raises the old thought that perhaps we are not as good as we think we are. It pictures us as mere naturals with a veneer of manners sprung from the compulsion of living *en masse*. The interesting thing is that all who breathe never object to being called "saint," while they heartily resent "sinner." Yet each individual carries around with him a modification of the code he has prepared for the other fellow, and this modification is for his personal use only. Christ shouted "Hypocrites!" and "whited sepulchres," and Burns added, "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us." But nature goes on breeding the same blundering machine which was invented in the deeps of time. Does one need to say again that we are neither devils nor angels, but men?

This autobiography reiterates this fact in a simple, direct way, and you see at once the old critical thing happening. The spindling, moralistic book reviewers, pale reflections of lockstep editors and the policy which the publisher is anxious to provide for the other fellow, once more raise their hands in disgust. The old phrases are trotted out for use, "a sordid recital of vice and crime," "not one ray of anything beautiful in it," and so forth. Aside from being a gripping account of actualities which the author himself has experienced, it lacks the power to interpret them. It has truth in it—the whole truth—even the truth that damns the author as a misinterpreter of himself and his motives, but lacks genius of style and perception. What can you say for a man who believes that smoking thirty to forty cigarettes a day produces vice and crime by deteriorating the moral character; or who, because of a vigorous animal personality, has gone from one to thirty-six, eating his way through all the dishes of life via theft and lust to satiation, finally deciding that he has reformed morally, and that now he is a good man whereas before he was a bad one? He thinks that by taking heavy thought in a mountain cabin at the last for ten days he swings himself into the right path once and for all, whereas anyone who has followed the psychology of the human animal knows that this is what nearly always happens when the animal has had enough. It is not so much a matter of spiritual awakening as of material change. The machine clicks at a certain point and registers a new hour. That is what happened with Mr. Steele, only he thinks he aligned himself with the Will of God. Where was this Will, I would like to ask, when he was sinning, and why did It not trouble to stop one little mortal before it began? And what is It doing about all the other anmials that are being born and will sin, filling the penitentiaries and jails—and, in the future the high public offices with honored citizens? The human animal is moral or it is not, but life itself is not moral. Life may and does demand an equation between extremes, but that should not concern the individual who is writing of life, or at least not to the detriment of his story. The business of the writer as I see it is to put things down as they are, not as they ought to be.

But because of the truths which this author has set down the book will certainly be condemned as lewd, vicious, sordid, whereas because of its theories, as I have pointed out, which have nothing to do with its intended honesty, it is in part only a great success. Psychologists and philosophers—or literary geniuses, who are always both—do not make the mistakes which Mr. Steele has made. It is a rather astounding autobiography which may be mentioned but not classed with the Confessions of Rousseau, Pepys's Diary, etc. For these men, whatever their faults, were not moralists to the extent I have described. They would not find in cigarettes an incentive to crime. Nor would the fact that a father failed to demonstrate his love for them in their youth stand as the cause of their subse-

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quent failure. Yet the book rises at times to high interpretive flights, as in the characterizations of Tulips and his first wife. But at best it is dealing with a banal world which would require a sea of psychologic and poetic amber to embalm it properly.

However, it is well worth reading. Step by step, through shames, lusts, pathetic desires, dreams, the penitentiary, business successes, two marriages, it goes its way. Rarely excusing, with little pity for himself, with a great deal for others, this man puts down what he saw, felt, did. A fine kind of courage I call that, for how often will a man admit that he was a liar, a lecher, and a convict? You might fancy that the moralists, seeing how he prayed every night, and how he finally married for love and reformed, would find some corner in their hearts for this honest confession. But no! A moralist is a moralist. God is on His throne. In His eyes any confession save that of virtuous deeds performed is intolerable. Tell only of your good deeds, not of your bad ones; admit no evil work; walk sanctimoniously and circumspectly; thus will you be that moralistic triumph, a good man. You may escape the curse of appearing in sordid literature, written usually by the geniuses of the world, or if not they will pass you by humorously and lightly, for they are concerned with men, not mannikins, and with deeps, not shallows.

THEODORE DREISER.

Educating the Educators

The Hygiene of the School Child, by Lewis M. Terman, Associate Professor of Education in Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.65 net.

MY grandfather would have considered the school child as an immortal soul, temporarily imprisoned in a body. He would have deplored his play as a necessary and uninteresting evil, and he would have insisted that if the child was not working he should be in Sunday-school, where he could gradually learn to meditate on eternal things, or in day-school, where he could have his character formed under firm discipline and learn to do the disagreeable things that life and morality would later impose upon him.

This book is one symptom of how completely the old heaven and old earth—which the author of a recent little book called "Whither" still mourns—have passed away from us. I can do little more, as I read Mr. Terman, than wonder whether these children who play in the street below my window are of the ten per cent of the American school-children who are suffering from a grave form of malnutrition; of the fifty per cent with seriously defective teeth; of the ten per cent who suffer from adenoids; of the fifty per cent who have been infected with tuberculosis; of the ten per cent who will later succumb to the disease; of the twenty per cent who have defective vision; of the five per cent who have defective hearing; of the five per cent who have spinal curvature; or of the five per cent who are predisposed to some form of serious nervous disorder. What these things are going to do to these children is much more poignant and tragic than any mere question of their souls being saved or damned for all eternity. What kind of an adult he develops into—his likes and dislikes, his cravings, his efficiencies, his sense of well-being or discontent, even what things he will attend to—depends upon what he can do with his body and mind.

A book like this takes you to the very foundations of life. Here are the roots of character, power, energy, personality, effectiveness. In the hygiene of the school child you have the place and the only place for a leverage of control over all those qualities which people so supremely admire. If you can get hold of the child's organism while it is flexible and healable you can straighten out the crookednesses, before growth sets tastes, habits and desires in adamantine firmness. A generation of school-children which had from its earliest years merely been well fed and had its teeth looked after and given plenty of outdoor play, would be almost an unrecognizable one, physically and mentally.

In the light of the facts presented in this book, all our worst fears and prejudices against the conventional school system are confirmed. The case against it is blacker than the worst muckraker could conceive. The next generation will rank the pseudo-pedagogy which has directed the teaching, and the pseudo-science which has directed the physical conditions of school-life, with the black magic of the Middle Ages. Far less harmful than the school would have been a healthy illiterate outdoor life. It is not the fault of the school that the present generation is not, on its female side, entirely sterile and neurotic, and on its male side diseased and scatterbrained, and both together tuberculous and hopelessly inefficient. Numberless sound hereditary stocks do persist, in spite of everything society can do, and there are enough harmless marriages to keep one-third of the population physically and mentally normal. And the worst effects of educational ignorance have been avoided by the universally smouldering revolt of the children. Inattention is the organism's fortification against fatigue, and the American school-child has often escaped fatality by wriggling out from under the pressure, to the scandal of the elders who now accuse him of illiteracy and incompetency. We are just learning that you can bring a child to school, but you can't do him any good there unless you first feed him well, patch up his physical defects, let him grow naturally, and harness his energy to interesting and fruitful activity. But the school has clamped him into a desk, over-exerted his delicate nervous system.

In the light of this book it is evident that if the public school system had been efficient it would have been fatal. It has, however, left plenty of time for this repressed and unexpressed energy of children to drain itself off into street play, athletics, flirtations, and the abnormally hectic youthful life of to-day. But where children need to know cleanly the facts of sex, if it is not to poison or obsess their conscious life—if nothing worse happens—the school has left them to vulgarest and obscenest chance. Even the sexual rhythms of adolescence in both boy and girl have been entirely ignored by the mechanical regularity and pedantry of the curriculum.

One of the worst things the school has done has been to leave the child unventilated. The thermostat Professor Terman characterizes as an instrument of the devil. His chapter on ventilation makes one almost gasp at the Stygian darkness of the hygienists who have been providing us with air. CO_2 has been a scapegoat, it seems; mere stuffiness has been the real criminal, and the open-air school becomes almost a necessity. As one reads, those "model" new American schoolhouses that I know, with their hygienic desks and ventilating systems, take on almost a malignant guise. Each chapter of this book presents some new form in which the physical and psychical care and thought of American educators have unwittingly violated the most rudimentary facts of the child's needs of growth and direction.

I do not mean to imply that this book is sensational. On the contrary, it is a model of scientific writing. In a few

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hundred pages is contained the whole thing—the data of investigations, the curves and facts, the implications. The discussion is pertinent and concise. If all scientific writers had this gift of perfectly clear exposition, where every fact seems eloquent, we should know much more than we do. The book is not at all sensational, but it makes one sensational. It gives one that incomparable satisfaction of finding one's fanatacisms scientifically justified.

Political Agoraphobia

The Democracy of the Constitution, by Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

SENATOR LODGE, speaking in November, 1911, to the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, had this to say about supporters of the initiative, referendum and recall: "They are blind to the awful peril of turning human nature loose to riot among first principles." Four years earlier, speaking to the Central Labor Union of Boston on the Massachusetts Public Opinion Bill, Senator Lodge said: "I trust the people fully. . . . I think the people are eminently capable of governing themselves by proper methods and that this power should not be distorted and crippled by impossible devices."

It must not be supposed, however, that the author of these addresses has not scored off the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. We should all agree that he scores sometimes, many of us that he scores often. But as we read him, and as we read his eminent coadjutors, we feel that this is all beside the mark, that what these gentlemen see at stake is an issue far deeper than the question of the specific wisdom or unwisdom of these proposals. The word on their lips is "forbear," but the syncope at their hearts is an anguished "hush." It is not the adoption of these measures that ghasts them, it is their discussion. After a century and a quarter of tethered browsing, American political thought has again been turned loose on the range to riot among first principles. And accordingly the literature of our reactionaries to-day can be rightly understood only when it is studied as a manifestation of political agoraphobia.

So interpreted it is touchingly pathetic—with the pathos of the disillusioned pacifist, of the Victorian novel-ending as we see it now, of the plight of Captain MacWhirr of the Nan Shan after he had hacked through to the calm at the dead heart of Typhoon, of all new beginnings, of all lost Edens. "There is no greater fallacy," wails our Senator, "than to suppose that new and fundamental principles of government are constantly to be invented and wrought out."

It is well to emphasize this pathos, because the nearest approach these writers make to amenity is condescension, and it tries one's temper to read them. This literature of fright is necessarily a literature of abuse. Here are some of Senator Lodge's pickings: "Everyone who is in distress, or in debt, or discontented . . . every reformer of other people's misdeeds, all of that numerous class which is ever seeking to promote virtue at somebody else's expense . . . every raw demagogue, every noisy agitator, incapable of connected thought and seeking his own advancement by the easy method of appealing to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—all such people now lift their hands to tear down and remake the constitution." "Such a work is not to be cast down or lightly set aside, or, which would be still worse, remade by crude thinkers and by men who live only to serve and flatter in their own interest the emotions of the moment." "Under this novel doctrine as I have observed it, we are to be guided chiefly by envy and discontent and are to act on the general principle that whatever is is wrong." "The last young orator who has just discovered that this comparative world is not abstractly and ideally perfect." True, there are "excellent people" among the leaders, but these he "ventures to think," speak and write "without examination of the history and theory of government." Ratifying in print in 1915 his spoken word of 1911, the Senator opines that "this novel idea of the loss of popular government, which it is proposed to restore by mangling the Constitution . . . is very new, in fact, hardly ten years old." What, we venture to wonder, has the Senator been reading during these fifteen years of the best they have produced in social and governmental theory that he should condescend so loftily to its authors?

When Senator Lodge says he trusts the people fully, does he mean what he says? If he does mean it, why not guard his own first principles less jealously? Why not convince the public that these first principles, once you get to know them well, are jolly good fellows after all? And if Senator Lodge doesn't mean what he says, if he really mistrusts the people, it might help him to consider seriously the first principle of democracy, which I take to be that the people are less dangerously ruled by their own incapacity, which is at least robustious, than by the distrust of their betters. Indeed, is not the theory of democracy precisely that your or my or anyone else's trust or distrust of the people is—at least until we seek office—a blatant irrelevancy? And if this new quest of first principles should lead to rioting, what else is there really worth rioting among or for?

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